

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 808

MAY 23, 1885

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

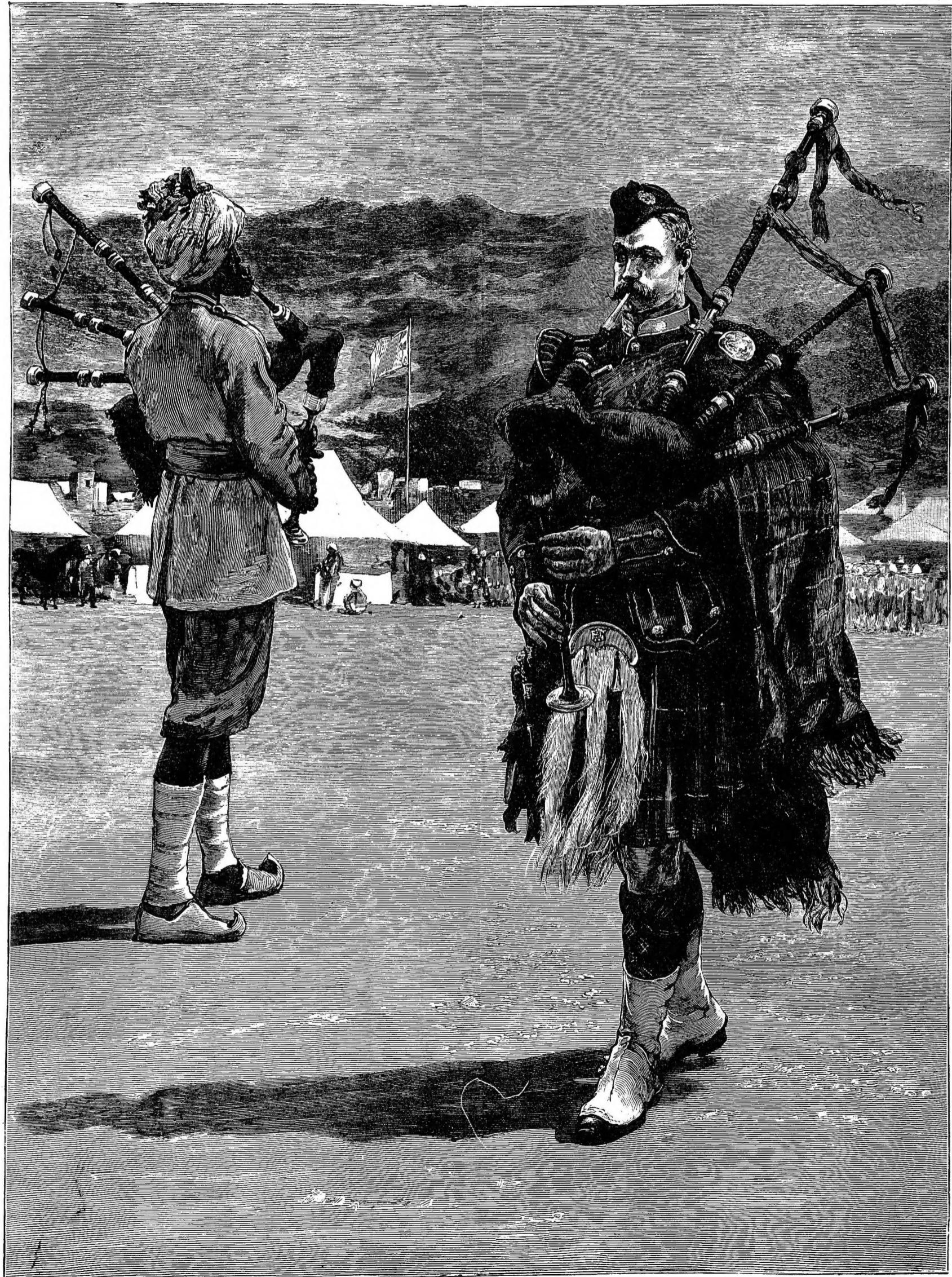
# THE GRAPHIC

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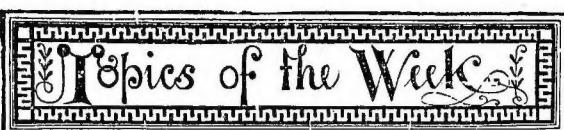
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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [ PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



THE RIVAL PIPERS  
FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AT THE RAWUL PINDI DURBAR BY AN OFFICER OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS



**ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.**—Some uneasiness has been created by the slow progress of the negotiations between the English and the Russian Governments. According to some authorities, Russia demands that she shall have the right of establishing a diplomatic mission at Cabul, and that England shall in future abstain from interfering in the affairs of Afghanistan. There is no real evidence that such extravagant claims have been advanced; but it is not surprising that the English people are suspicious, for the tale unfolded in the Blue Book issued the other day is decidedly unpleasant reading. It shows that from the beginning of these troubles the Russians have been dominated by a thoroughly aggressive spirit, and that they have been utterly unscrupulous in the choice of means for the attainment of their ends. On the other hand, our own Government have acted with extraordinary feebleness, and with a vacillation of purpose for which there is hardly a parallel except in the history of their dealings with Egypt and the Soudan. Had they possessed—and they ought to have possessed—accurate information as to the northern boundary of Afghanistan, and had they stated at once in exact terms what they were prepared to defend and what to give up, there is no reason to suppose that we should have been brought to the verge of war. It was the hesitancy of England that encouraged Russia to increase her demands, and now it is impossible to say how far she may think it safe to go. Even with regard to the so-called "sacred covenant," about which Mr. Gladstone spoke so grandiloquently, the "record" of the English Government is anything but creditable. It pleased our Prime Minister to announce that no advance would be made either by the Russian or by the Afghan troops, and then Lord Granville telegraphed to St. Petersburg to find out whether the Russian Government understood that such an agreement had been arrived at. M. de Giers gave a most cautious answer, and we may consider ourselves fortunate if the arbitrator does not decide that General Komaroff violated none of the conditions which his Government had laid down. Altogether, England cannot hope to come well out of this dispute. Peace may possibly be secured; but the impression in Asia will be that Russia is the stronger and the more resolute of the two Powers.

**THE FUTURE OF THE SOUDAN.**—During the last twenty years this country has contrived to get itself involved in war with a succession of barbarous or semi-barbarous nations. When one of these "little wars" is over, we are wont to put it out of our thoughts, and turn our attention to something else. We are heedless of the fact that this "little war," which to us has been such a trifle, bequeaths to the feeble adversary with whom we have been contending a terrible legacy of confusion and anarchy. The reason, of course, is that our assault has shaken the political and social fabrics of these primitive communities to their foundations, without supplying anything in their place. We hear very little of these miseries, because when our troops depart the newspaper correspondents depart also; still, enough is known of the subsequent history of Abyssinia, Ashantee, and especially of Zululand, to prove that bad as the war was for the natives, its after-consequences were worse. Let us lay to heart these undeniable facts in considering the future of the Soudan. The vacillation and half-heartedness shown by the Government in their dealings with that unhappy country have justly earned for them the scorn and contempt of all right-thinking persons. But they are still in office, and therefore, as they possess enormous powers for good and evil, we entreat them to pause before they scuttle out of the country, and leave it in a worse state of confusion than ever. Surely it would not be impossible even now to do that which was supposed to be Gordon's mission when he went on his fatal journey to Khartoum, that is, to investigate the grievances which led to the original revolt against the Egyptian authority, and to discover what form of government would best satisfy the natives. If Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues would approach the Soudanese with the same forbearance and consideration which they have shown towards Irish disloyalists and Russian aggressionists, we might still hope to see the Suakim-Berber Railway completed. And not as a military line, with armoured trains and guns; but as a peaceful, commercial enterprise, approved by the neighbouring tribes.

**THE BANK OF KHARTOUM.**—Can it be possible that the Government intend to shirk payment of the debts incurred by General Gordon for the defence of Khartoum? The country was certainly under the impression when he first went there that he received a promise of every sort of support, except soldiers, from the Cabinet. Moreover, it is on record that a large sum of money was sent to him, at an early date, but miscarried *en route*. It nevertheless appears from Mr. Gladstone's reply to Mr. Brodrick on Monday, that Her Majesty's Ministers are trying to shelve their responsibility on to the unhappy Khédive. Gordon, it will be remembered, had to have recourse to paper money, for the payment of his troops and other expenses. He frequently mentioned this in his despatches, and appears to have taken some pride in the discovery of a method by which a large force could be paid for month after month

without a single farthing of specie. Of course the paper money only had currency because it bore the name of Gordon, and because he was believed to represent the boundless financial resources of England. Had the little bank-notes borne the name of some native official as representing the Khédive, they would never have been received in payment. Mr. Gladstone now dares to make pretence, nevertheless, that they were issued on behalf of the Egyptian Government only, and he washes his hands of the matter as if it were a good joke. He doubts not that "if there are any persons in possession of promises of this character from General Gordon, they will find means of causing them to arrive at some destination or other with a view to obtaining what they are entitled to." It is a cruel jest, to contribute to the dishonour of a hero's name after having been mainly instrumental in causing his death.

**THE REVISED VERSION.**—The reception accorded to the Revised Version of the Old Testament has been, on the whole, very favourable. The scholars to whom the work was entrusted undertook their task in the right spirit, resolving to introduce no change that was not absolutely essential for bringing out the exact meaning of the original. The Authorised Version is one of the masterpieces of English literature, and it would have been inexcusable if the Revisers had attempted to alter the noble simplicity of its style. They have been careful, however, to correct every mistake about which there is a consensus of opinion among Hebrew scholars; and the result is that we now have a translation which is as nearly accurate as it could be made by the resources of modern learning. That the old rendering will be displaced by the new is improbable, for there is a charm even in the errors of the English Bible to which we and our forefathers have been accustomed; but it is certain that the Revised Version will be largely used, and that it will be of real service to every class of the community. The enthusiasm with which it has been welcomed ought to reassure those who are always crying out that we live in a sceptical and materialistic age. A new translation of the Bible would not have attracted so much attention if religious instincts had lost much of their freshness and vitality.

**WILL MR. GLADSTONE RETIRE?**—Frankly, we wish he would, for it is his presence in the Cabinet which renders it at once so feeble and so mischievous in its foreign policy. He is the connecting link between the Whiggery of Lords Granville and Hartington, and the Radicalism of Messrs. Chamberlain and Dilke, and his authority as Premier paralyses the good qualities which are to be found in both these professions of political faith. Eliminate Mr. Gladstone from the Cabinet, and the "heterogeneous politics" (if we may borrow a phrase from Cowper) of the rest of his colleagues would produce such an effervescence as to blow some of them off the Treasury Bench. This would be a good thing because the foreign policy of the nation might then be conducted with some degree of thoroughness and consistency. Suppose that since the beginning of 1882, when our Egyptian troubles became acute, Lords Hartington and Granville on the one hand, or Messrs. Chamberlain and Dilke on the other, had, uncontrolled, held in their hands the reins of government; can any reasonable being believe that, whichever was supreme, Whig or Radical, we should have gone on for three years writhing in such a hopeless quagmire of bloodshed and blunders, detested, and at the same time despised, by nearly every foreign country? It would have been an advantage, both for his own reputation and for the unfortunate Empire which he is supposed to govern, if Mr. Gladstone had retired ten years ago. Nearly everything that he has done since that time has tended to tarnish the lustre of his previous fame. His attacks on the Papal Infallibility dogma, due to his disappointment at the rejection of his Irish University Bill; his Bulgarian atrocity philippics, inspired by a craving to win back popular favour; his calumnious assaults on Lord Beaconsfield's policy in the notorious Midlothian speeches; the apathy with which, until the Phoenix Park tragedy, he regarded the Irish Reign of Terror—all these things, apart from his egregious foreign policy, have lowered him in the eyes of shrewd judges. But the multitude still believe in him; they care little for, and understand little about, foreign and colonial complications, and they highly appreciate his readiness to transfer various privileges and advantages from the rich man to the poor man. At the forthcoming General Election, therefore, with its vastly-extended franchise, "Gladstone" will even yet be a formidable name to conjure with. Such being the case, it is scarcely likely that, if they can possibly help it, the Radicals will allow the People's William to retire before the Election is over.

**THE DECORATED AND THE DISCREDITED.**—The Czar bestows upon General Komaroff, for his share in the "untoward incident," a gold sword enriched with diamonds. This handsome gift is presented to the gallant commander "in recognition of the equal foresight and decision exhibited by you in the action against the Afghans, and also in recompence of the courage and valour shown by you in the affair at Tash Kepri." Well and good; from a Russian standpoint General Komaroff deserved well of his country, and it is right and fitting that he should be rewarded, although the less said about his "valour and courage" in routing and slaughtering some badly armed Afghans, the better. But the Afghan Correspondence just published shows that General Lumsden

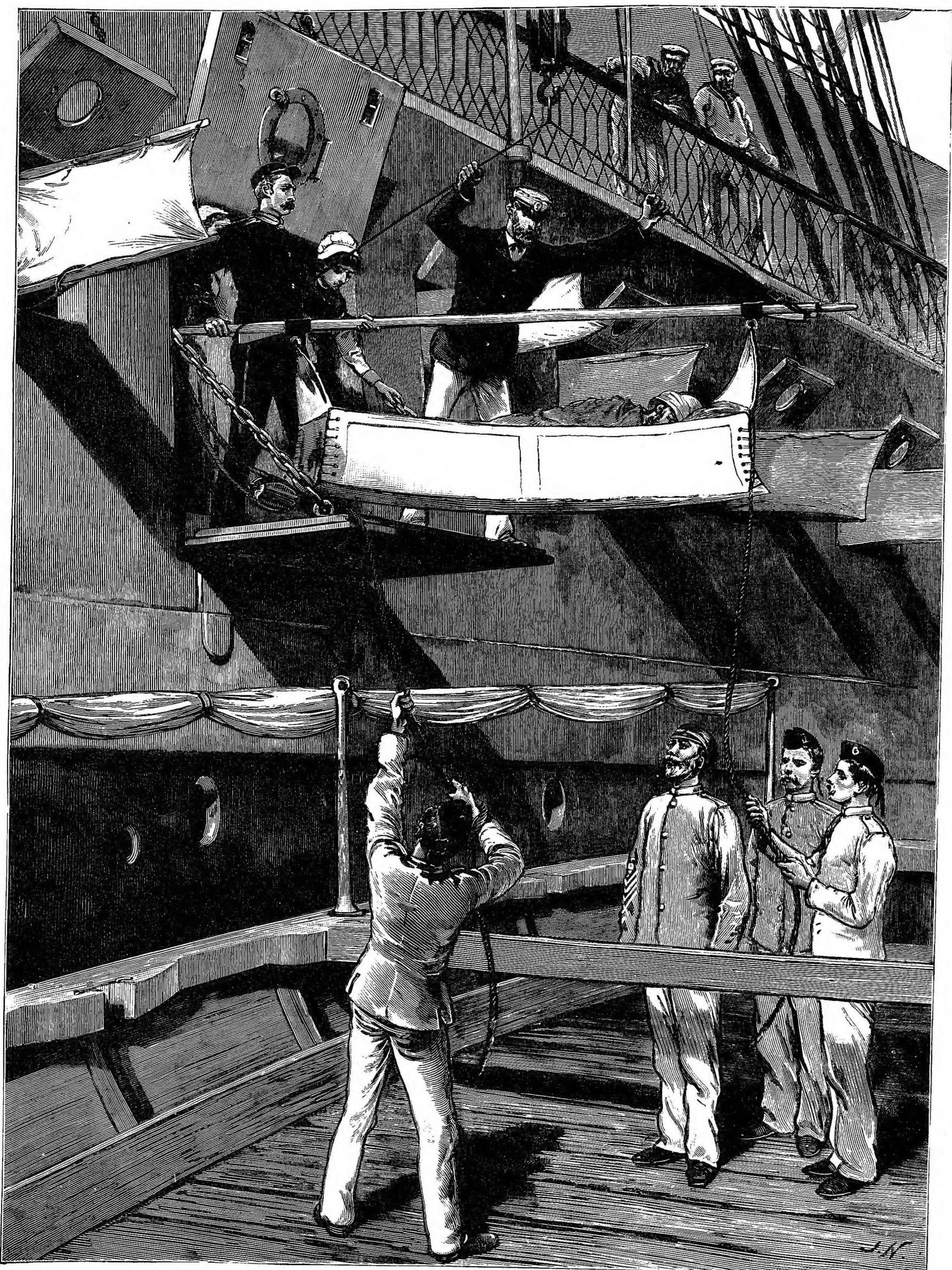
did equally well from an English point of view. But for his exertions, a collision must have occurred long before; but for his ceaseless vigilance, his promptness in communicating with Downing Street, and his industry in obtaining information about the territorial rights of the Ameer, we should still be all in the dark about frontier affairs, and entirely at the mercy of M. Lessar and his confederates. When General Lumsden was first appointed, many of those who had served with him in India said that though "Peter" was a capital soldier, he had little of the diplomatist in his composition. The evidence of the Blue Book proves the contrary; "foresight and decision" are no less conspicuous in his doings than "pluck and valour." How has he been rewarded, then? By being recalled as a peace-offering to Russia; by being openly discredited before the whole world. It is the blackest part of the whole black business that the one Englishman who carried himself like a gallant gentleman throughout, should now be returning home, disgraced so far as it lay in the power of his official superiors to disgrace him.

**THE CROFTERS.**—The crofters will not, of course, be satisfied with the measure which has been introduced into Parliament for their benefit. One of their principal grievances is that they have too little land, and the Government do not propose that the landlords shall be compelled to enlarge their holdings. On the other hand, if the Bill becomes law, the crofters will have security of tenure, fair rents, and compensation for improvements; and a few years ago these concessions would have seemed to them most generous. It is not very easy to see how Parliament could undertake to meet directly the demand for more land. If the attempt were made, the land would have to be bought; but the crofters themselves are unable to become purchasers, and only the followers of Mr. George would suggest that the State should assume the functions of a landlord. The question must be settled by private agreement, and fortunately there is reason to hope that if the crofters act prudently most of them will soon obtain what they want. The system of large sheep farms is breaking down; and, as the Lord Advocate stated in his able speech, there are many such farms for which good tenants cannot be found. It may therefore be the interest of the Highland landowners to restore to the crofter class much of the land which was formerly "cleared" by eviction. The Government propose to encourage the proprietors to take this course by granting them loans, "for the purpose of enabling them to advance money to their tenants to stock their land." It is to be hoped that even at this late date the Bill will be passed. That the crofters have real grievances was proved by the Royal Commission by which the subject was lately investigated; and no better remedy is likely to be provided than that which is now before Parliament.

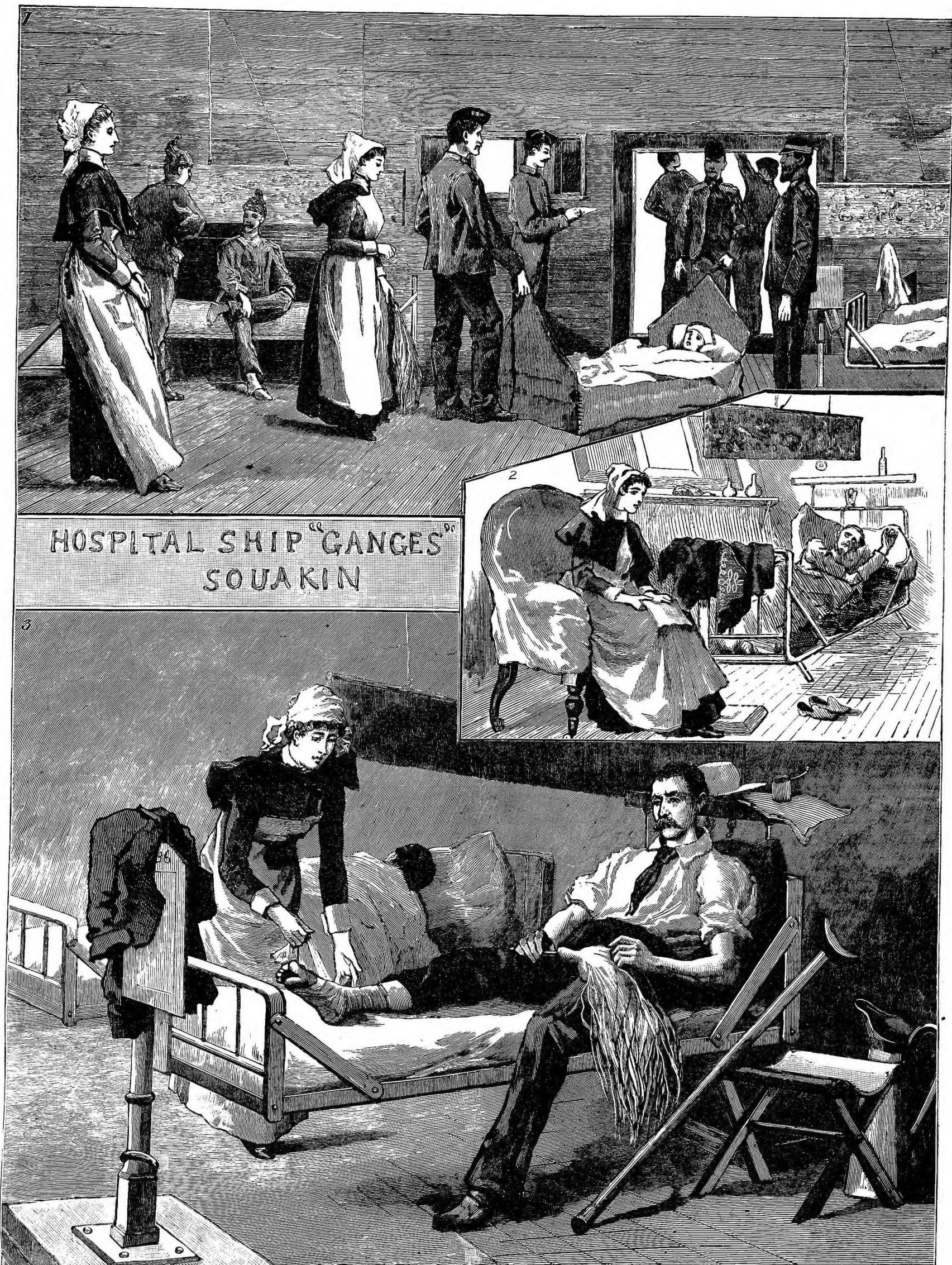
**RIEL AND THE CANADIAN RISING.**—Judging from the manner of Riel's surrender, he seems to belong to the usual type of demagogue, bolder with the tongue than with the sword. Considering that this is the second insurrection which he has headed, and that he has led numbers of poor misguided fellows, far more valiant than himself, to dismembered graves, the punishment would have been none too severe if he had thereupon been put to death. But in these humane days (although we have little mercy for persons with black skins) there is a wonderful disinclination to put to death by the hands of an executioner any one in whose veins courses the white man's blood. Thus we showed our leniency to the Fenian conspirators of 1867, and thereby sowed for ourselves an abundant crop of subsequent anxiety and misery. In Riel's case the difficulty of inflicting adequate punishment is aggravated by the fact that he is of French descent, and a Roman Catholic by religion. Therefore the Eastern Province of Canada sympathises strongly with this sorry rebel, and the Government, even if they wished, would not dare to hang him. More important, however, than Riel's fate is whether the rebellion will now collapse or go smouldering on. The troubles of these French half-breeds seem greatly due to their own fault. The English and Scotch half-breeds have become industrious cultivators of the soil, and, therefore, they are quiet. The French half-breeds prefer to remain loafers and hunters, and, as such, are bound to feel inconvenienced when the settlers begin to invade their solitudes. But as their numbers are small, it is not likely that they will be able to retard materially the westward march of that peculiar thing which it pleases us to call civilisation especially now that the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed.

**THE DYNAMITE CONSPIRATORS.**—The British public are not open to any charge of inhumanity because they show evident relish for the tremendously severe sentences passed on Burton and Cunningham. It is entirely through a sense of self-protection that society exhibits such profound satisfaction at the incarceration of two fellow-mortals for the terms of their natural lives. Behind the men upon whom that awful penalty has fallen stand others only to be deterred by terror from risking a similar fate. It may be true that the convicts are merely the tools of greater miscreants than themselves. It is even possible that some of them are partly actuated by a spurious sort of patriotism. These considerations are of no consequence at all. Avowedly, their object is to levy war against peaceful folks—and war, too, of the most brutal and ferocious character—for purposes of their own. To all intents and purposes, therefore, they are pirates, except that they carry





WITH SIR GERALD GRAHAM AT SUAKIM—HOISTING WOUNDED ON TO THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "GANES"  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



1. Reception of Wounded on Board.—2. In the Officers' Ward (the Cloak over the Foottrail of the Bedstead is one of Six worked by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales).—3. In the Men's Ward.

WITH SIR GERALD GRAHAM AT SUAKIM—ON THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "GANGES"

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP

sense of the indignity to which they are submitting him. The second sketch represents the scene of an attacked convoy, and fully sets forth the horrors of war. The half-buried bodies are those of the enemy. The two others are those of camp-followers.

#### FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP

THESE sketches by a military officer depict some of the feats performed at a gymkhana or race meeting recently held at Suakin by the Bengal Lancers, formerly known as the celebrated "Hodson's Horse." The riding of these picturesque horsemen was extraordinary. The performers took off their coats, and presented a curious appearance with their shaven heads and long locks of hair streaming in the wind.

#### AN ENTERTAINMENT AT KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL

MR. STANILAND's clever pictures of the great yearly entertainment given to the patients of King's College Hospital by the young resident doctors who, except on such occasions, "scorn delights and live laborious days" for their sake and for science, have appeared at an appropriate time, when the Duke of Cambridge has quite recently, at the Festival held last Saturday, been drawing the attention of London to the claims and the straits of this fine hospital behind the new Law Courts, which may be regarded as keeping the octave of its Feast in the columns of the *Graphic*. The Grand Hall and staircase of "King's," lined with galleries, is always worth a visit, but lit up as our artist saw it, with hundreds of lanterns hanging like little bright worlds in space, far up to the high ceiling of the hall, with the galleries filled with patients carried out from the wards to see and hear the sun, the sight was one of the most pathetic and unique picturesqueness. The entertainment was entirely provided by the resident Medical Staff, who bore all the expenses of the decorations themselves, robbing sleep of hours after the hard ward-work was over to prepare for the annual show, while the Sisters—among them clever Sister Philippa, of the Wigton Ward, far away now in Egypt, nursing sick soldiers for the Princess of Wales—made all the wards bright and gay like a Feast of Lanterns.

It is true that the floor of the hall is crowded with visitors, friends of the hospital from all sides of London, who have been able to procure eagerly-sought invitations, but it is for the patients that all the pains have been taken, all the topical songs composed, all the lanterns hung, and respectable qualified practitioners' faces blacked. Down below stands the Christmas tree, laden with some of the hundreds of toys that *Truth* and other friends have sent for the children, while other more substantial gifts of warm clothing and books help to kindle smiles on sufferers' faces round the galleries, speaking of pain and disease forgotten for a night. It is here that many children like Billy (one of "Sir Joseph Lister's friends"), brought by the Angel of Sickness from the filth and vice and drunken misery of the streets and lanes behind the Strand to the comfortable kindness of Sister and Doctor—to food, fires, and cleanliness, often discover among strangers the meaning of the name of home, learning in the place where they are brought to suffer, how to laugh.

To know, as we do, that King's College Hospital and too many more of our great Homes of Healing are really, for lack of money, preparing for the worst, and dreading the necessity of having to close wards and send the sick away from the door, is one of the darkest sides of that burning question of the day—the housing of the London poor.

#### MR. F. J. FARGUS ("HUGII CONWAY")

MR. FARGUS was born in Bristol in the year 1847. Like many adventurous imaginative boys he conceived a passion for the sea. Instead of thwarting this inclination his father wisely decided to give him some experience of nautical existence by placing him on board the school frigate *Conway*, at Liverpool. He pursued his sea-training with considerable good fortune, but afterwards decided to go into business, and eventually became a partner in the principal auctioneering firm in Bristol. He now developed a literary faculty, and, under the "pen-name" of "Hugh Conway," wrote a number of short stories and verses, many of the latter being set to music. In the winter of 1883 there appeared in *Arrowsmith's Annual* (a local Bristol publication) a story entitled "Called Back." Its weird and Poe-like incidents took the public fancy amazingly. Like Lord Byron he awoke and found himself famous. The novelette sold by hundreds of thousands. Offers of literary work came in on all sides, from ourselves among others, and the principal story in our forthcoming Summer Number is from the pen of this lamented genius. That he was a genius, other tales besides "Called Back" and "Dark Days" attest, notably some of those which originally appeared in *Blackwood*, and which were afterwards collected and published in two volumes under the title of "Bound Together." And in "A Family Affair," the serial story now appearing in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, he showed that he could depict character as well as invent incident, and that he possessed a vein of delicate humour as evinced in the creation of the two bachelor brothers. Recently he decided to give up business, and devote himself entirely to literature. It is to be feared that he had over-tasked his powers in endeavouring to fulfil the engagements he had made. However this may be, he resolved to take a complete holiday, and was travelling on the Continent, when about two months ago he was attacked with typhoid fever. He appeared to be recovering, but the exposure caused by a carriage accident produced a relapse, and he died at Monte Carlo on May 15th. In conclusion, we venture to echo every word that Mr. Comyns Carr says in the *Times* in praise of Mr. Fargus. He was very modest and pleasing, and quite unspoilt by his great success, which would have turned the heads of many persons. The news of his death therefore, although our intercourse with him was solely of a business character, came to us as a personal loss.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

#### MAJOR JOHN McBLAIN,

QUARTER-MASTER of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, was born at Edinburgh, 21st July, 1831, and died of heart disease on May 4th, at his residence, Blanerne House, Balham Park Road, Balham. He entered the army in 1847, and served in the Eastern campaign of 1854-55, taking part in the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, the siege of Sebastopol, and the repulse of the sortie on October 28th, 1854. For these services he received the medal with four clasps, and also the Sardinian and Turkish medals. He became an honorary captain in 1881, served with the 1st Battalion Scots Guards in the Egyptian War in 1882, and was present at the action of Mahuta, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the occupation of Cairo. For these services he received the honorary rank of Major, the medal and clasp, the Fourth Class of the Medjidie, and the Khedive's Star.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

#### ELECTRIC LIGHT TOWER AT HELL GATE, NEW YORK

THE City of New York is accessible by sea from two directions, either by Long Island Sound, on the north side of Long Island; or by Sandy Hook, between Long Island and New Jersey. The bulk of seagoing traffic passes through the latter channel, because the narrow part of Long Island Sound, which is nearest to New

York, and which is locally known as the East River, abounds with sunken rocks, rapid currents, and other impediments to navigation. This is particularly the case in the channel known as Hell Gate, off Hallett's Point, and though some of the most dangerous masses of rock were blown up about ten years ago by a most elaborately arranged plan of tunnels and galleries under the superintendence of General Newton, yet this part of the river still remains risky for navigation. Lately, therefore, to aid those in charge of vessels in threading their way through the intricate channels, a powerful electric light has been erected at a greater height, it is declared, than any other electric light in the world, so that by its rays Hell Gate and all the adjacent waters are fully illuminated when darkness sets in. Our engraving is from a sketch sent to us by Mr. S. E. Slader, of Dulwich, S.E.

#### PRESENTATION OF REGIMENTAL COLOURS TO THE QUEEN

LAST July, when the Queen was at Osborne, Her Majesty presented new colours to the Seaforth Highlanders, the Duke of Albany's regiment, and in the afternoon of May 15th the old colours of the regiment were presented to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. The regiment marched from the Victoria Barracks through the town to the Quadrangle, where it was drawn up in line, facing the York and Lancaster Towers. A large number of the residents were admitted to the Quadrangle to witness the ceremony. At 4.30 the Queen entered a carriage at the Sovereign's entrance, being accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and drove to the centre of the line, the regiment giving a Royal salute, and the band playing the National Anthem. Colonel Stockwell and Major Hilton then dismounted, took the colours to the Royal carriage, and handed them to the Queen. The Colonel then made a short speech, requesting the Queen to accept the colours, which the regiment had carried for twenty-seven years in various campaigns, in Afghanistan, in India, and in Egypt. The colours were then handed to the Equeires, Major-General Duplat and Major Waller, and Her Majesty said in reply, "I receive with great pleasure the old colours, which have been carried by you in many a hard fight, and under which so many brave officers and men have fallen. The colours will be placed where they will ever be in safe keeping, and will remind all of the gallant deeds of the Seaforth Highlanders." The colours were then taken into the Castle, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."—Our engraving is from a sketch taken by Major G. M. Alexander, Seaforth Highlanders.

#### VICTOR HUGO

See page 515

#### EXPLORATIONS IN INDO-CHINA

See page 521.

#### "CURLY"

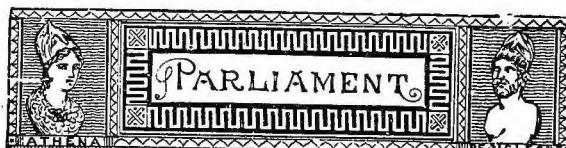
AN ACTOR'S STORY, by John Coleman, illustrated by J. C. Dollman, is continued on page 525.

#### "WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?"

THE gift of selecting interesting subjects is by no means a common one among painters, and is quite independent of the technical skill displayed in portraying the subject after it has been chosen. At the present moment there are some thousands of pictures on view at the various London exhibitions, but as a rule how monotonous are the subjects! The same conception is used over and over again, in slightly varying forms, until it is worn threadbare. Mr. Yeames is one of the exceptional artists who usually contrives to get hold of some incident of strong human interest. The engraving before us, which is from the original picture in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, is a good example of his success in this direction. The scene of course is laid during the strife between Monarchy and Parliament in the seventeenth century, and the Roundhead Commissioners, who are anxious to discover where some notable Royalist lies concealed, are questioning his little son. The boy, in a plucky and manly fashion, undergoes the ordeal—for it is an ordeal—none the less, perhaps, because his principal questioner is a very polite and plausible gentleman. He is keenly conscious of the weeping women-folk behind him, and though this knowledge adds to his nervousness, it makes him all the more anxious to say nothing which shall afford a clue to his father's hiding place.

OUR ARTIST AT SUAKIM.—The naval correspondent of the *Manchester Courier*, writing regarding the *Ganges* from Suakin on April 29, states:—

"Mr. Fripp, special artist of *The Graphic*, has completed several sketches of this ship, the subjects of which are the treatment of the sick and wounded. Mr. Fripp is a very clever artist, and the amount of work he gets through in a day is astonishing. Rather an astonishing story is told of him. During the fight at M'Neill's zareba he sat on a pony, quietly sketching the position of men, &c. The bullets went whistling by him, and several times he was urged to dismount, but his whole soul seemed wrapped up in the sketch. After completing his drawing, he quietly dismounted, remarking to an officer standing by, 'I think I have heard a few bullets pass me whilst drawing this,' showing his sketch. I may as well mention that the fire was so heavy that day that several hares and birds were found dead during the battle."



THE conclusion of last week saw the hands of the House of Commons freed from the work that has chiefly engrossed it since it met in February. Not only did the Seats Bill pass its last stage, but the Registration Bills were also disposed of and sent up to the Lords. Their lordships, with accustomed rapidity and decision, passed the Registration Bills through Committee in a sitting on Tuesday night limited to three hours. The Scotch and Irish Bills they left unaltered, but introduced two important amendments into the English Bill. When this was before the Commons in Committee, a motion was made to introduce a provision enfranchising undergraduates at Universities. The Government, not regarding the matter as vital to the Bill, assumed a neutral position, and, upon a division, the motion was carried. On the report stage the dubs rallied their forces. The prospect of undergraduates enjoying the personal importance the franchise gives had alarmed the heads of colleges, who beheld in the innovation a serious blow at discipline. Professor Stewart urged this case, and was backed up by Professor Thorold Rogers and other elders of Universities. Again the Government assumed a neutral position, and, to the surprise and chagrin of the Conservative party, the clause was struck out. By an odd coincidence the Conservatives and Parnellites found themselves here in an alliance influenced by other reasons than a common desire to harass the Government. The Parnellites believe that the hot-headed youth of Dublin University would vote for them. The Conservatives believe the undergraduates of Cambridge and Oxford are imbued with proper constitutional spirit, and count upon them as supporters. The Lords, however, reinstated the Bill as it left

Committee of the House of Commons, and the undergraduates will have their vote.

Another point on which the Lords introduced an amendment to the Bill as it left the Commons was in respect of the acceptance of medical relief. This question, like that of local taxation and the political rights of undergraduates, had arisen first on the Irish Bill. The principle of not disfranchising voters who accepted medical relief having been introduced into the measure, it was subsequently grafted on the English Bill. At the instance of Lord Salisbury, the clause was struck out of the English Bill, but retained in the Irish measure, it having been shown that this particular method of disfranchisement had never existed in Ireland. On Wednesday the Lords, with patriotic devotion to the public service, formally met at eleven o'clock, and passed the Registration Bills through their remaining stages. At noon they were brought into the Commons, and, after some discussion, the Lords' Amendments were agreed to. On Thursday these Bills received the Royal Assent.

Since the strain of relations with Russia has been eased the question hour in the House of Commons has lost its almost tragic interest. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, it is true, still appears with critical and crucial questions. But he is easily set aside, and business goes forward. On Monday, however, foreign affairs again came into prominence. It has become necessary for the Government to take a vote on account, and on Monday Mr. Gladstone moved the House into Committee in order to discuss the proposal. Thereupon Lord Randolph Churchill interposed, and forced on a debate on the incomplete papers relating to the negotiations with Russia which were circulated on Saturday. Lord Randolph found nothing creditable to House or Government in the correspondence, which just stopped short of the Penjeh incident. But what particularly interested him, and what engrossed the greater part of his speech, was the history of what is known as the "sacred covenant." The fact that an evening paper forestalled the noble lord, and said all it was possible to say on this subject, did not detract him from claiming it as his own. His allegation, echoing that of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was that there had not on the 13th of March existed an engagement between Russia and England that no advance should be made on debateable ground pending the delimitation of the Frontier. He distinctly accused the Premier of having invented this pure fiction, and having thereafter telegraphed to Her Majesty's Minister at St. Petersburg, beseeching him by any means in his power to induce the Russian Government to get him, Mr. Gladstone, out of the mess by making some statements that would appear to support his allegation to the House of Commons. This, it will be understood, is Lord Randolph's vivacious paraphrase of the correspondence in the Blue Book, and it was accepted with enthusiastic cheers by the Conservatives.

It was not unnatural that Mr. Gladstone, thus publicly accused of deliberate fraud, which he had sought to maintain by humbling himself before the Russian Government, and begging them for mercy's sake to help him out of a mess into which he had gratuitously and unnecessarily fallen, should have been a little wrathful when he rose to reply. The unimpassioned looker-on, his own withers unruled, might urge that it was silly to get into a passion with the light-hearted lord who represents Woodstock. His charge was evidently based upon correspondence in the Blue Book. The Blue Book was in everybody's hand, and any one could see for himself how much, or how little, Lord Randolph's narrative was supported by facts. Mr. Gladstone, however, viewed the position from another standpoint than that of the looker-on, and he was unmistakeably in a towering rage. At the outset he repressed his indignant passion, and set himself in strained manner to deal if possible coldly with the question actually before the House. But Lord Randolph knows the Premier as intimately as a doctor is aware of the weak points of a patient he has constantly watched for five years. If Mr. Gladstone had been allowed to go forward without interruption, he would have maintained throughout the level tone and unemotional manner in which he commenced. Persistent interruption would, however, be sure to act upon him as a lighted match applied to a train of gunpowder would operate.

Lord Randolph began forthwith to interrupt, continuously interjecting observations upon the argument of the Premier. This is a course contrary to the Rules of Debate, and when, during Lord Randolph's speech, Mr. Gladstone had once risen to correct him on a matter of fact, he was met with such a howl of indignation from the outraged champions of order on the other side of the House that he hastily resumed his seat. The Liberals, more tolerant, did not resent Lord Randolph's constant interruption. Mr. Gladstone unhappily fulfilled the noble lord's anticipation. He allowed himself at every interruption to be drawn from the line of his argument, and proceeded to reply to the aside. Lord Randolph retorted, the Conservatives began to yell, and there ensued a painful scene in which Conservative gentlemen howled and jeered at the Leader of the House with that tone of intense personal hatred which may be noted in the shout of a mob on a racecourse when they discover a "welsh" in their midst. Had the Speaker been in the chair he would doubtless have interfered to restore order. Sir Arthur Otway did not appear to think it within his province as Chairman of Committees, and the uproar rose till the Premier was literally shouted down.

He stood for a moment silent, and then in a voice broken with emotion delivered the protest which has excited so much interest and speculation, not only in England, but throughout Europe. "If," he said, "I take any notice of the interruption it is really not on my own account. It matters very little to a person whose future intervention in political conflicts is much more likely to be measured by weeks than by months, and certainly by months more than by years. It is because of the deep conviction I have that a great blow has been struck at the liberties and the dignity of this House by the modes of proceeding which within the last few years have been introduced into its debates." This has been taken in some quarters as indicating intention of immediate retirement on the part of the Premier. But it is obviously nothing more than a reference, not made for the first time in the House, to the fact that in the ordinary course of nature he cannot look for long continuance of office.

Lord Randolph Churchill's motion had a ludicrous conclusion. The noble lord having effected his purpose, which was partly to attack Mr. Gladstone, and partly to flout Sir Stafford Northcote by anticipating his action as Leader of the Opposition, wanted to withdraw his amendment. But Mr. Biggar, who had taken a prominent part with the Conservative gentry in howling down the Leader of the House, was not inclined to see the fun stop short. He therefore insisted upon a division, and Lord Randolph and all the Conservatives hastily leaving the House, the amendment was rejected by 74 votes against 11. On Thursday the business of this section of the Session was further wound up, and on Friday Parliament adjourned for the Whitsun recess, which closes on the 4th June.

"DRAMATIC NOTES: a Year-Book of the Stage," by Austin Brereton (David Bogue). This is a double number of a very useful publication which Mr. Brereton began some years ago. Last year's issue failed to appear, owing to the non-delivery of the illustrations. In the present volume, therefore, 1883 and 1884 are both included. The work embodies a complete record (with portraits) of all the more important works which have been produced on the London stage during the last two years.—Of "Grosvenor Notes" (Chatto and Windus) it is sufficient to observe that Mr. Henry Blackburne exhibits the same care and accuracy in his preparation of the engravings and in his brief description of the pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery as he has shown on former occasions.



WEDNESDAY was conspicuous for displays of Conservative oratory, Lord Salisbury speaking at a banquet of the Middlesex Conservative Association, and Lord Randolph Churchill at a House dinner of the St. Stephen's Club. Reviewing the course of events in Egypt and on the Afghan frontier, Lord Salisbury represented the Government as in a state of persistent ague; a cold fit regularly succeeding a hot; public opinion forcing them on one day, and the pressure of their Radical followers forcing them back another. As regards a desire to render our Indian frontier safe they were in the hot fit, but how long would it last? As long, the speaker feared, as the indignation over the fall of Sinkat or the fervid desire to avenge the death of General Gordon. In regard to the future, Lord Salisbury laid stress on the Marquis of Lorne's declaration to the electors of Hampstead in favour of the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, which he spoke of as the opening of a first parallel in the siege of the Established Church of England. Advertising to Mr. Chamberlain's doctrine of "ransom," he said that the Turcomans, of whom we have heard so much, were its greatest professors; the result of their industry was that every other perished.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's criticism of Ministerial policy and procedure was, as usual, vigorous and trenchant, especially in his reply to the defence of the evacuation of the Soudan made by Lord Derby, whom he described as a "political rodent." But the most significant passage of his speech was that in which he protested against a renewal of the Crimes Act, and suggested that the last days of this unlucky Parliament might be well spent in abrogating that harsh legislation, as he called it, which, he said, is so odious to Englishmen, and which abridges the freedom and insults the dignity of a sensitive and imaginative race. Mr. Parnell will doubtless be grateful to Lord Randolph Churchill for this description.

A VERY SUCCESSFUL PUBLIC MEETING, at which the Lord Mayor presided, was held at the Mansion House on Wednesday to support the movement for a National Fawcett Memorial. Resolutions were carried approving of the proposals of the Committee to place a memorial-tablet in Westminster Abbey, and to devote the remainder of the fund to the promotion of the higher education of the blind. The resolutions were supported by the Duke of Westminster and the Marquis of Ripon among Liberals, and by Lord John Manners and Mr. Plunkett, M.P., among Conservatives.

AT AN INFORMAL MEETING of the well-wishers of the proposed Gordon Boys' Camp, previously referred to in this column, Mr. Hallam Tennyson gave an interesting account of General Gordon's conversations with Lord Tennyson and himself on the desirability of establishing an institution to provide for boys, especially poor boys, a training that would fit them for army service. Cardinal Manning and Colonel Loyd-Lindsay were among those present who expressed cordial approval of the scheme. A public meeting to promote it will be held, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on the afternoon of Friday, the 13th of June. Meanwhile, communications on the subject can be addressed to the Secretary of the Gordon Boys' Camp Fund, 20, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ARRANGEMENTS were made on Tuesday at a meeting, in the house of Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., the Princess Louise being present, for the formation of a London League, to provide popular entertainments for the London poor. No subscriptions were asked for, but voluntary help in carrying out the objects of the League was invited.

LORD SHAFESBURY, who completed his eighty-fourth year on the 28th ult., was presented in Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, with an address acknowledging his work as President of the Ragged School Union, accompanied by six copies in oil of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," one for each of his sons and daughters. In reply Lord Shafesbury said that, but for such agencies as the Ragged School Union, London would have become a perfect moral waste, a miserable place unfit for human habitation. Lord Aberdeen, who presided, said that had he not been summoned to Windsor, Mr. Gladstone would have been present.

PRESIDING AND SPEAKING at the annual spring meeting of the National Rifle Association, the Duke of Cambridge referred to some recent disparaging remarks of Colonel Loyd Lindsay on the efficiency of the Yeomanry Corps. His Royal Highness said that he had inspected several regiments of Yeomanry, and that his inspection had led him to form the highest opinion of that branch of the auxiliary forces.

THE NEW SIR (EDWARD) WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, nephew and successor of the late Baronet, has issued as a Conservative candidate an address to the electors of Denbighshire, and the Liberals have resolved not to oppose him with a General Election in prospect.

A COMMITTEE of grateful water consumers in the metropolis has been formed to promote the return, free of cost, of Mr. Dobbs, the Hampden of the water-rate controversy, should he respond to an invitation to stand for North Camberwell in the Liberal interest.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Peace Society on Tuesday, Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., announced that in consequence of age and symptoms of failing health, he would not again appear on the platform as Secretary of the Society.

MR. J. A. FROUDE has arrived in England from New York, having completed his voyage round the world by way of Australia, undertaken for the benefit of his health, which is said to be much improved.

THE FIRST BATTALION of the Royal Marines on its return from Suakin has received at Portsmouth an enthusiastic reception which would have been official but for the death on the morning of arrival of Colonel Ozzard, who commanded the corps at Suakin.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE DARWIN MEMORIAL have presented to the Trustees of the British Museum Mr. Boehm's marble statue of the late Charles Darwin, now in the entrance hall of the National History Museum at South Kensington, where it awaits the formal ceremony of unveiling. The balance of the fund, 2,000*l.*, is to be placed at the disposal of the Royal Society, for the promotion of biological study and research.

IF AFTER THE CONVICTION of Cunningham and Burton there are any intending dynamitards left they may receive encouragement from the intimation that, in spite of the stringency of the new regulations for admission to the House of Commons, a drawer has been broken open in the Vote Office, and a cash box containing 6*l.* abstracted from it.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death at Portsmouth, of Colonel Ozzard who, as already mentioned, commanded the Marines at Suakin, whence he had been invalided home only a week before, and who served with distinction in the Crimea, in the China expedition, and in Zululand; at Suakin, from typhoid fever, of Mr. Frank Roberts, Reuter's special correspondent with General Graham's force; of the Ven. R. V. Dixon, Archdeacon of Armagh; from blood-poisoning of Mrs. Ewing, daughter of the late Mrs. Gatty (author of "Rambles from Nature"), wife of the composer of

the well-known hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," and the writer of many highly appreciated stories for young readers, most of them published by the S.P.C.K.; in his seventy-fourth year, of Mr. C. N. Wilde, brother of Lord Penzance, and head of one of the oldest legal firms in the City, that of Wilde, Berger, Moore, and Wilde; and of Mr. F. J. Fargus ("Hugh Conway"), whose memoir and portrait appear respectively on pages 510 and 516.

#### THE HOLY BIBLE\*

THE Revised Version of the Old Testament now before us presents a striking contrast to the Revised Version of the New Testament, remarkable as it is for the comparatively small number and for the minor importance of its alterations. This may be set down fairly to the co-operation of two causes. The revolutionary changes that pervaded the New Testament Version from end to end were the necessary outcome of the revolutionary changes made in the Greek text adopted by the Revisers. The Revisers of the Old Testament, on the other hand, have wisely kept for the most part to the Hebrew text of King James's Translators, on which they based the Authorised Version. Again, there can be no question that the almost universal dissatisfaction and disappointment, if not indignation, with which the more than 30,000 alterations in the New Testament were received, has acted as a salutary warning to the Revisers of the Old Testament Company, who have evidently carried out most conscientiously, in accordance with their avowed sense of their responsibility, that it was "their duty not to make a new translation, but to revise one already existing, which for more than two centuries and a half has held the position of an English Classic." Wisely and well, therefore, the English Company of Revisers have declined to embody the multitudinous and unnecessary alterations proposed by their American brethren, which are relegated to the Appendix. The American Revision Company would have substituted "the Divine name Jehovah," wherever it occurs in the Hebrew text, for "the Lord" and "God," and in many cases they would have puzzled the ordinary reader by substituting "sheol" for the authorised rendering of "grave" and "the pit." They object to "dukes," and would substitute "chiefs," they prefer "diminish," "to minish," and "find favour" to "find grace." In fact, these distinguished scholars and revisers of the great American Republic virtually proposed completely to revolutionise the English Bible, by sweeping away almost every vestige of that archaic colouring which adds so much to its beauty, and every trace of that linked sweetness of cadence and rhythm which makes so much of the music of the Authorised Version. Amongst the most general alterations made by the Revisers we may note firstly the new plural "peoples," introduced for the first time into the Old Testament. But this change not only supplies us with a truer version of the original Hebrew, but tends in almost every case to bring out more clearly the sense of the context as well as the text. Thus in Psalm lvii, "Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee," becomes in the Revised Version, "Let the peoples praise thee, O God, let all the peoples praise thee," where, as the context shows, the reference is not to God's chosen people the Jews, but to the *Gentiles*. The next very general change is that of "his" and "her" into "its" when applied to neuter nouns. This will be a positive gain, and will in many passages prevent obscurity. Had the neuter possessive "its" been an established by popular usage in our language in King James's time, the Translators would have undoubtedly adopted it, but such was not the case. It was only at that time feeling its way, if we may so speak, and in the whole works of Shakespeare we find it only occurring ten times. Nearly twenty years ago a newly-discovered poem, signed "J. M.," much in Milton's style, though at first attributed to Milton, was rejected as his chiefly on the ground that though it contained only about forty lines, the word "its" occurred in it more frequently than in "Paradise Lost." It is one of the many merits in the form of presentation of the Revised Version that its poetry assumes the form of poetry to the eye. This we especially see in the Psalms, Job, the Proverbs, and the Song of Songs. In the latter the Revisers have done well to break it up into seven speeches, and to suggest its dialogue form. In this, the sweetest of all love idylls, the Authorised Version, at chap. ii. 1, gives us "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." Here the Revised Version unfortunately repeats what we cannot but hold to be a mistranslation of the term, *tappuach* in the original, which, according to the Targum, is a "citron" or "orange" tree. Gesenius, the greatest Hebrew authority, makes it a generic term, including the orange, lemon, and citron. Now the objections to the rendering of *apple tree* are absolutely overwhelming. In the first place the *apple tree* is scarcely known in Palestine Proper, and where it does exist, its stunted growth is anything but a symbol of sweetness and beauty. The original word *tappuach*, often rendered "orange tree," suits the context admirably. It grows in abundance in the Holy Land, and its flowers are delicious in their fragrance, which a Syrian sun only intensifies, while its shade is singularly refreshing and delightful. In the same poem (chap. xi. 5) we read (A. V.) "comfort me with apples." This gives no good sense, but if we read "comfort or strew me with orange," that is, the flowers or leaves of the orange tree, so delicious and refreshing in their fragrance, then we have an apt and charming illustration of the poet. Now this covering of the bride with *orange blossoms* is just what is done, to the present day, and thus we find an Eastern origin for our Western marriage custom.

Mr. Timbs tells us in his charming work on "Things not Generally Known" that the use of orange blossom at bridals is said to have come from the Saracens, or at least from the East, and that they are believed to be emblems of fruitfulness. This, however, is not the real symbolic character, which is rather to be sought in the refreshing sweetness of the orange blossom, the delicious shade of the orange tree, in its surpassing beauty, in its almost perpetual bloom through every season of the year, and that it is constantly putting forth its fulness of leafage, foliage, and perfume at the same time. The substitution of *orange* for *apple*, we may add, further supplies us with the true sense of Proverbs xxv. 11, "A word aptly spoken is like *oranges* of gold in pictures of silver." Here *pictures of silver* is better rendered *network of silver*, the reference evidently being to the Eastern custom of serving up the golden-coloured oranges in baskets of silver filigree. The comparison at once becomes intelligible, the word aptly spoken (or rather running smoothly on wheels), *i.e.*, the word of kindness gently uttered is as sweet and refreshing as the fragrant oranges when presented in a silver basket to one who is weary. On the other hand we thankfully record the admirable changes for the better made by the Revisers in the following text, which was somewhat perplexing, if not altogether puzzling to the ordinary reader. In Exodus xi. 2, the Authorised Version reads, "Let every man *borrow* of his neighbours, and every woman of her neighbour, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold." Here the Revisers more correctly render the original word by "ask" instead of *borrow*, but they would have done still better had they written "asked as a right," that is, as payment of their *long labours* for the Egyptians during their time of slavery. Again, Canticles vi. 13, render in the Authorised Version, "As it were the company of *two armies*." Here the text and context are best represented in their original form by "as upon the *dance* of

\* The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, Translated out of the Original Tongues, being the Authorised Version, Arranged in Parallel Columns with the Revised Version. (Oxford: at the University Press, 1885.)

Mahanæn," which the Revisers give us,—a dance which the best Jewish commentators explain as a sort of contre-dance. Our fair readers will also find an additional interest in the change made Ruth iii. 15, whom the Revisers have substituted "mantle" for "the veil" of the Authorised Version, in which the fair gleaner was to carry her "six measures of barley." In Ezekiel xiii. 18, we venture to think that the Revisers and the Authorised Version rather miss the force of the original when they give us "pillows to armholes," and "pillows to elbows," for "the muffs" clearly designated by the original.



FOR REFUSING TO TAKE THE OATH, on the plea that he did not believe in a God, a Cologne Court has just fined a witness fifty marks.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CURTSY is being revived in Paris. Instead of a formal bow of the head only, young ladies now make a "cheese" to their elders.

A LARGE TROUT weighing 16*1/2* pounds was caught in the mill-stream at the Town Mills, Newbury, last week. The fish had attracted considerable attention for some time, having been daily visible from Newbury bridge, and apparently enjoying the pieces of meat thrown to it from pork-butcher's shop.

PARIS THEATRICAL MANAGERS are somewhat anxious about their finances this season. Thus the Opera House has not been a paying concern. During the five months ending 31st of March there was a deficit of nearly 6,000*l.* At the Opéra Comique things have been a little better, and the receipts have exceeded the expenditure by 80*l.*, but the balance at the Opéra has been on the wrong side by nearly 400*l.*

SOUVENIRS OF CAPTAIN COOK have been received during the past year by the Australian Museum, New South Wales. These relics consist of documents and a number of articles used by Captain Cook and his officers, a box made from a portion of timber from the ship *Brotherly Love*, in which the Captain served his apprenticeship, and a bottle of nardoo seed gathered at Burke's grave, Cooper's Creek, in 1862. The old documents include a number of letters to Leichhardt, the explorer.

A SPARROW'S NEST has been discovered beneath a 9-pounder bronze gun which is fired twice a day at Woolwich. This gun is mounted in the Gun Park on a wooden travelling carriage, which is fitted with two axle-tree boxes, each one foot square by six inches deep, with the inside divided into several compartments. These boxes are intended to carry case shot and cartridges. Some days ago the gunner, on firing the one o'clock discharge, observed a bird flying out of a hole in one of the boxes, and on examination found a sparrow's nest with five eggs. The box was carefully padlocked to guard it from inquisitive boys, but the gun was fired as usual. On Saturday five small sparrows made their appearance.

FIVE GIANT SKELETONS have been found in the United States at Homer, in a mound five feet below the normal surface. The grave had a stone floor, and plentiful remnants of burned bones and charcoal were scattered about, together with numerous stone vessels and weapons. The skeletons are of enormous size, the head of one being as large as a wooden bucket. Beside the bones were a beautifully-finished stone pipe, the bowl being large, and polished and engraved with considerable care in a simple way, with figures of birds and beasts; a knife shaped like a sickle reversed and having a wooden handle held by leather thongs; and a kettle holding about six quarts. According to the *New York Herald*, this is one of the oldest and most valuable anthropological finds in America.

A REPORT OF GREENEY'S EXPEDITION to La. Franklin Bay and Cape Sabine is being prepared by Lieutenant Greene and Sergeant Brainard. The former is gradually recovering his health, and, according to the *American Register*, intends visiting England this summer. Lieutenant William Schuetze, United States Navy, has been selected to carry the presents ordered to be distributed by Congress to the Siberian natives who aided the *Jeannette*. These gifts consist of fourteen rifles, a supply of knives and axes, cooking utensils, clothing, tea, and tobacco. The knives, axes, and rifle barrels are made of wrought iron, as the intense cold does not affect this form of metal. In order to distribute these articles to the natives Lieutenant Schuetze will have to travel about 12,000 miles on sledges. The widow of Lieutenant De Long, of the *Jeannette*, is to be pensioned.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,496 deaths were registered against 1,465 during the previous seven days, a rise of 31, being 134 below the average, and at the rate of 19*1/2* per 1,000. These deaths included 45 from small-pox (an increase of 1, and exceeding the average by 19), 65 from measles (a fall of 26), 13 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria (a decline of 3), 57 from whooping-cough (a rise of 11), 16 from enteric fever (an increase of 4), 9 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 4), and not one either from typhus, from ill-defined forms of fever, or from cholera. The Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals contained 1,364 small-pox patients at the end of last week, the new admissions having fallen from 315 to 211. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 291, a rise of 4, and were 50 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 46 deaths: 39 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 16 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 10 from drowning, and 3 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,544 births registered, against 2,429 during the previous week, being 232 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 47*4* deg., and 4*7* deg. below the average. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 51*5* hours, against 45*2* hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

A REMARKABLE SAINT has recently made his appearance in Bengal, and according to the *Times of India* has power to effect miraculous cures of professedly incurable diseases. During the recent cold weather he passed fifty-one days in a tank, by keeping nearly the whole of his body under water, and now he is living inside a "pucca" grave, six feet deep. This has been wholly covered over with masonry, keeping only a small hole (the diameter of which is about two inches) through which to serve him with his daily food, simply consisting of an orange, or pomegranate juice with one almond only. In this state he will remain for fifty-one consecutive days and through the hole a string has been passed into the grave, one end of it being tied to a bell suspended on a bamboo post to enable him to give an alarm in case of any danger or mishap. He also uses it to respond to calls inquiring after his health, signifying thereby that he is all right. The saint entered the grave with his bedding, some holy books, two or three bottles of rose water, and one or two phials of otto of roses, after which the opening was blocked up, barring the hole, and then levelling the place with earth, some greens were sown, which being regularly watered thrive nicely. The saint has taken the rose water with him in lieu of plain water to wash his face, hands, and feet before saying his prayers. A money order came to his address from Bombay, which being rolled up was dropped into the grave through the hole. It was shortly after passed back duly signed by the holy man.



AN ENTERTAINMENT AT KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL



The delay of RUSSIA in formally sanctioning the agreement drawn up in London between Lord Granville, M. de Staal, and M. de Lessar has given rise to numerous rumours more or less unfavourable to a peaceful settlement of the Anglo-Russian question. The delay is generally explained by the impression that Russia is asking for further concessions, such, for instance, as the right to send a diplomatic agent to Cabul, or a promise from the British Government to prohibit English officers from aiding the Ameer in fortifying his frontier. The pessimist feeling has been heightened by the Czar's presentation of a jewelled sword of honour to General Komaroff, together with an autograph letter praising his excellent military measures while commanding the detachment on the Murghab, the prudence and firmness with which he dealt with the Afghans, and the gallantry which he displayed during the engagement at Dash Kepri. Another sword of honour has also been presented to Colonel Zakrejevsky. This act of the Czar is almost universally condemned as inopportune at the present moment, and as a gratuitous insult to England, with whom no little sympathy is beginning to be shown. Her desire for peace is fully acknowledged, and Russia is blamed for presuming upon this too far. The Vienna *Tagblatt* characterises such "infatuation" as "mere presumptuous folly in dealing with a first-class Power which no nation in the world has long braved with impunity. . . . Russia is acting as if there were to be no to-morrow in this affair; as if England had spent her last guinea, unmoored her last ship, and abandoned herself to a dynasty of Gladstones." In Italy also one writer declares that "any effort for peace must fail before such provocation." Meanwhile war preparations are being continued on both sides. Russia is still providing for the defence of her northern ports. Our troops returning from the Soudan are not to be sent home, but are to be encamped at Alexandria in readiness for emergencies, while in India the dismay which has been universally expressed at the English surrender is qualified by the hope that Russia may not after all accept the surrender—a hope engendered by the fact that the military preparations are in no way abandoned, and that Herat, where, by the way, the British officers have been well received, is being strongly reinforced. The frontier railway is being busily pushed forward, and sufficient material to carry the line to Candahar has been ordered from England. The Ameer also has issued a proclamation complimenting his troops on their gallantry at Penjeh, and dwelling upon the value of the British alliance.

The "scuttle" from the Soudan has now begun in right earnest. At the close of last week Lord Wolseley and Sir Gerald Graham made farewell speeches to the various regiments, praising the Shropshires for their splendid volley firing, complimenting the Indians on their bravery at M'Neill's zebra, and at Hasheen and the Australians for the part which they bore later in the campaign. Lord Wolseley subsequently issued a general order to the whole of the forces expressing his deep sense of their admirable conduct:—"The army in the Soudan has not only fought with courage and firmness, and cheerfully borne no small amount of hardship, it has shown in addition qualities even higher than those required for the patient endurance of privation, or for defeat of the brave and cruel enemy with whom it has been engaged. Crime has been almost unknown in its ranks, the highest standard of discipline has been maintained, and the behaviour of all the troops, British, Indian, and Colonial, has been in every way creditable to them and to the services to which they belong." The naval and marine troops are particularly praised, both for their "hard work" and their "hard fighting," while the Australian troops are especially thanked, not only for their services, but for the sympathy which prompted them to take part in the war. "I trust," he concluded, "that should any serious war be forced upon our Empire we may find ourselves shoulder to shoulder with Australian troops facing a common enemy."

The Australians left on board the steamer *Arab* on Monday, General Graham in the *Deccan* on Sunday, and Lord Wolseley and his staff and General M'Neill in the *Queen* on Tuesday. The major part of the troops are being embarked with all possible speed. The force left behind in garrison, however, is larger than had been originally intended, owing to the failure of our authorities to persuade the friendly tribes to undertake the protection of the railway. No sooner, indeed, was it known that the English had decided to evacuate Suakin than the Arabs once more began to flock into Osman Digma's camp, and the friendlies turned a deaf ear to all our overtures and bribes. The troops left behind will chiefly consist of Sikhs and Bengal Infantry under the command of Major-General Sir G. Greaves. The Shropshires will remain, and the railway line will be kept open as far as Otao by means of an armed train, which will carry a gun. The evacuation of the Nile district of the Soudan is also being carried on no less promptly, and all merchants and many other inhabitants are leaving Dongola. This policy of retirement is severely condemned by the foreign residents in Egypt, and it is considered that the moral effect upon the Arabs will be most disastrous. The Mahdi is said to be in great straits in Kordofan, and his general, Abu Anga, has been defeated, and has joined the enemy.

At CAIRO English prestige has received another blow by the reappearance of the *Bosphore Egyptien*, with the sanction of the French Government given despite the "understanding" with Mr. Gladstone. Nor have our difficulties been lessened by the decree of the Khédive authorising a reduction of 5 per cent. on the Egyptian coupons. Germany, France, and Russia have protested against this, on the ground that the Financial Convention recently concluded has not yet been ratified by the various European Parliaments.

In FRANCE all outside subjects have been set aside in the general anxiety which has been excited by the illness of Victor Hugo. The great poet was taken seriously ill on Thursday week. He had entertained M. de Lesseps and his young children at dinner, but in the evening he was seized with heart attack. On Saturday symptoms of a serious pulmonary affection set in, and his case was pronounced all but hopeless. Large crowds gather before his house to learn the latest news, and Ministers and Deputies of all shades hasten to inscribe their names in the visitors' book. Only a few out of his intimate friends were allowed to see him—his daughter-in-law and her second husband, M. Lockroy, M. Vacquerie, M. Paul Meurice, and of course his grandchildren, Jeanne and Georges. On Wednesday he was pronounced to be a little better, but suffered severely from suffocating spasms throughout the day. There has been little stirring in political circles. The Bill amnestying all political offenders has been thrown out, and the Chamber has passed a "Ticket of Leave" Bill, and is discussing a measure organising a Colonial Army, which General Camponotus proposes to recruit on the basis of voluntary service. The Suez Canal Commission has not yet come to any decision with regard to the supervision of the Canal, but the French delegate is stated to be adopting a most conciliatory attitude towards England, and a compromise is hopefully expected. Much alarm has been caused by the occurrence of two cases of cholera at Marseilles.

In CANADA Riel has been captured, and the rebellion, as far as the Half-Breeds are concerned, is considered to be fairly at an end.

General Middleton's victory appears to have been more complete than had at first been thought, nearly the whole of the Half-Breeds' families were taken prisoners, and numbers of Half-Breeds began at once to give themselves up. General Middleton then sent a letter to Riel stating that he was ready to receive him and his Council, and to protect him until his case had been decided upon by the Dominion Government. Accordingly, when three scouts yesterday (Friday) week came upon Riel and his three companions he at once surrendered, stating that he was just coming in to General Middleton's camp. He is described as looking careworn and anxious, and to have been shabbily dressed, his beard and hair being long and unkempt. He declared all he wished for was a fair trial, and believed that the rebellion would not be without result, as the Government henceforth would be more willing to listen to the grievances of the Half-Breeds. He maintains that he is not the actual leader of the rebellion, but that his papers will show that it had been encouraged by people of good standing around Prince Albert. He appears to be half-insane, and spends his time in making wandering statements and in praying. He will be tried by civil and not by military law, and as his trial must take place in the district where he was captured, the Canadian Government will probably send a Special Commission to the Saskatchewan for that purpose. He will be charged with treason, and his trial will greatly excite party feeling, as the French section of Canadians sympathise with him, and threaten to rise should he be executed, while the settlers in Ontario and Manitoba are not unnaturally anxious that he should be punished as an example to others. General Middleton is now energetically pushing forward his advance, and is preparing to place strong garrisons in Prince Albert, Battleford, and Edmonton. Gabriel Dumont, Riel's first lieutenant, is still at large, and much anxiety is expressed as to the policy the Indians will adopt. At present there are only two noteworthy chiefs in rebellion, Poundmaker and Big Bear, but these have been somewhat encouraged by the capture of a convoy of some thirty waggons from Battleford, which will set them up in stores for some time to come. Almost concurrently with the news of General Middleton's success comes the welcome news of the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the last portion of which, near Jackfish Bay on Lake Superior, was laid on Monday night. There is now direct communication between Halifax and Port Moody in British Columbia.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS there is little from GERMANY beyond that the Emperor is so indisposed that he cannot receive the King of the Belgians, that Prince Bismarck has neuralgia, and that we are being roundly laughed at for scuttling out of the Soudan. There are symptoms of a quarrel brewing between Germany and Zanzibar, whose Sultan protests against the claim of the German East African Company to some of their acquisitions in Usagara, and, it is said, has forcibly occupied a village acquired by the company.—In ITALY the Vatican has been somewhat agitated by the attitude of the Irish bishops, with whom, it is said, the Pope is seriously annoyed. The question of the Archdiocese of Dublin remains unsettled.—In AUSTRIA there has been some very boisterous weather and heavy falls of snow. On Friday week a terrible storm raged in Vienna, and six persons who had been thrown down in solitary parts of the outskirts were frozen to death before the morning. The vine and corn harvest has been seriously injured by the wet and snowy weather.—In SPAIN the commercial negotiations for a treaty with England have been broken off, owing, states the Foreign Minister, "to a misunderstanding of the British Cabinet regarding the declaration and powers of the Spanish Government." The cholera scare is general throughout Spain, though only a few sporadic cases appear to have occurred. In Valencia 4,700 have been inoculated as a protection against the disease. Of these only five were taken ill, and none died.—In the UNITED STATES Professor Robert Odlum, a celebrated swimmer, jumped over Brooklyn Bridge, but died from the shock received when entering the water. Mr. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Arthur died on Wednesday.—CENTRAL AMERICA appears still to be in a very disturbed condition. There appears to have been a revolution in San Salvador, General Menendez having captured Sartana on the 15th inst., and having proclaimed himself President. He has captured Sansonati, and intends to proceed to San Salvador to "restore order." The Guatemala Government has completely given up President Barrios' idea of a union of Central American Republics.—In COLOMBIA the revolution continues apace, and the Government troops have raised the siege of Cartagena, and are preparing to attack the rebels at Barranquilla, their last stronghold.—In SOUTH AFRICA the chief Khami has accepted Sir Charles Warren's offer of a British protectorate. Khami controls a large tract of country as far as the Zambezi, and has placed a considerable district at the disposal of British settlers. Mr. Van Niekerk is still awaiting his trial.



THE Queen, with Princess Beatrice, is now in Scotland, having left Windsor Castle on Thursday evening. On Saturday the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Henry of Battenberg visited the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, and subsequently called on the Dowager Countess of Hardwicke at Sydney Lodge. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, with their infant, arrived at the Castle. Her Majesty, with the members of the Royal family, attended Divine Service in the private chapel on Sunday; the Very Rev. Randall Davidson, assisted by the Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D., officiated. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein lunched with the Queen. Her Majesty drove out on Monday with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, with their infant, left the Castle. Countess Rosebery and children were received by Her Majesty. In the evening Princess Beatrice went to a ball given by Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge.

On Tuesday the Queen held a Council at Windsor. Earl Sydney, G.C.B., had an audience of Her Majesty, and presented an address from the House of Lords in reply to the Queen's communication of the coming marriage of Princess Beatrice. The Hon. J. Phelps was introduced to Her Majesty, and presented credentials as Minister for the United States. The Hon. J. Russell Lowell also presented his letter of recall. Sir Spencer St. John, K.C.M.G., kissed hands on his appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico.—Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, drove in the afternoon to Cliveden, and visited the Duke and Duchess of Westminster.—Her Majesty has received a copy of the Revised Version of the Bible from the Archbishop of Canterbury.—Prince Henry of Battenberg will receive the Order of the Garter on the occasion of his marriage with Princess Beatrice.

The Prince and Princess of Wales went to the Empire Theatre on Saturday evening. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and the Princesses of Wales attended Divine Service. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, lunched with the Prince and Princess. On Monday morning the Prince of Wales visited the French Gallery, and later in the day, at Marlborough House,

presented gold medals to the successful competitors of the Manchester Centre of the Royal Academy of Music. On the same day the Princess held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on behalf of the Queen. In the evening the Prince and Princess were present at a military concert at the Hôtel Métropole, Northumberland Avenue, in aid of the Egyptian War Fund and the Princess of Wales's Branch of the National Aid Society. On Tuesday evening the Prince and Princess with their eldest daughter attended the fancy ball given by the President and Council of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours at Prince's Hall.

The Prince of Wales visited Great Yarmouth on Wednesday, and messaged with the officers, of the Norfolk Artillery Militia. On Thursday the Prince inspected the Brigade, and on Friday was to review the West Norfolk Militia near Norwich, and in the evening to attend a ball given by the officers at the Town Hall. The Prince with Prince Albert Victor was to leave Great Yarmouth for Sandringham to-day (Saturday).

The Duke of Edinburgh dined with Lord Carrington and the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms in St. James's Palace on Monday evening. On Tuesday evening the Duke and Duchess were present at the Artists' fancy ball at Prince's Hall. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will leave India on the 26th inst.



PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last of the Philharmonic Concerts was given in the presence of the Princess of Wales and her daughters and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, on Wednesday, when a new composer was brought forward in the person of Herr Moritz Moszkowsky. It is contrary to the custom of the Society to experimentalise with works of unknown musicians, and it is a pity that the rule was broken for the sake of a young and promising, but inexperienced foreigner. Herr Moszkowsky is a German of Polish descent, and his early manhood has been passed in France. Hence, it is not surprising to find his symphonic poem, *Joan of Arc*, which was actually produced when the composer was barely twenty-five, is a strange mixture of styles. The plan of the work is sufficiently pretentious. In the first section, at some length and with superabundance of detail, is depicted Joan's pastoral life, the first of the "voices" being subsequently heard on a solo violin. The second part is courageously superscribed, "Inner consciousness, Former memories;" the third is the pageant of the Coronation at Rheims; while the last section seeks to describe Joan's imprisonment, release, triumph, death, and apotheosis. Whatever promise Herr Moszkowsky may show in the future, it was unfair to him to challenge judgment upon the first of his three orchestral works, and a composition of such exalted aim. Herr Franz Rummel subsequently played Beethoven's E flat Concerto, included by Sir Arthur Sullivan in the programme at the request of the Royal party. Sir Arthur has agreed to retain the post of conductor during the seventy-fourth Philharmonic season, which will begin on March 4th, and will end May 26th next year.

THE OPERA.—Mr. J. H. Mapleson returned to London on Tuesday; but the Covent Garden authorities had already decided to close the theatre until Mr. Freeman Thomas's Promenade Concerts begin in August. All chance of an Italian Opera season must this year, we fear, be considered at an end.—Madame Patti's movements are not quite settled. She will probably come to London for at least one concert, and she will sing at two provincial concerts under Messrs. Harrison, of Birmingham. In the winter she will in all probability sing at St. Petersburg. It seems that during her American tour she received the sum of 35,200/- for forty-four performances, at the rate of 800/- per night. She also gave two extra presentation representations. Her contract, which is now before us, likewise included provisions for travelling expenses for herself and suite in a special railway car, with attendants and a cook. The artist was not to attend rehearsals, and her repertory was to be settled by herself. The lines of a popular *prima donna* altogether seem fallen unto her in pleasant places.—The Carl Rosa performances at Drury Lane will terminate next week. The only addition to the repertory has been *Mignon*, in which on Saturday Madame Julia Gaylord celebrated her return to this company. The popular artist will, it is understood, once more be a member of the Carl Rosa travelling troupe next season. Madame Gaylord's *Mignon* is as earnest and painstaking a creation as ever, and she was cordially received. Her husband, Mr. Packard, played William, Mr. and Mrs. Crotty (Miss Burns) being once more excellent as Lothario and Filina, and Mr. Lyall again an amusing Laertes. Out of compliment to a cast which consisted almost entirely of the members of his old company, Mr. Carl Rosa, for the first time this season, conducted in person.

RICHTER CONCERT.—M. Eugène d'Albert's new overture, founded on Holderlin's *Hyperion*, was announced at last Monday's Richter Concert, but at the last moment it was postponed. Herr Richter was suffering from an injury to the knee cap, and had to remain seated, his foot supported by a piece of wood. As the great Viennese conductor invariably stands to his work, the difference of position seemed at times to affect both him and his orchestra. This however was not so in the beautiful prelude to the third act of *Die Meistersinger*, nor in the funeral march and the scherzo of the *Eroica*.—Liszt's fifth Hungarian "Rhapsody" was heard for the first time. It is less rhapsodical than its predecessors, and it is intended, we are told, to be elegiac in character, commemorating the death of a gipsy king. The audience received it coldly.

INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.—The Commission have now elected the leading members of the jury on musical instruments. Among those already chosen are the octogenarian Mr. Molineux, inventor of the famous "action" bearing his name; Major Hawkins and Mr. Challen, piano makers; and Herr Ernst Pauer, pianist.—Recitals are given in the new concert room daily by eminent performers upon the musical instruments of the leading exhibitors.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig began their excellent series of chamber concerts on Thursday of last week, when the programme included a Beethoven string quartet and a piano quintet by Kiel, whose *Requiem* was a few years ago performed at Cambridge University.—Mr. Ambrose Austin, at his concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday, offered a miscellaneous programme, supported by Mesdames Albani and Trebelli, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, and Señor Sarasate. Mr. Reeves himself feared he would be unable to sing, and Mr. Lloyd was ready to take his place, but was eventually not required.—At his second concert Mr. Charles Hallé repeated Dvorák's F minor trio, one of the finest works of the now popular Bohemian composer, introduced at the Popular Concerts. Mr. Hallé himself played Schumann's *Carnaval*.—At the Crystal Palace, Mr. Manns conducted a Haydn symphony and some of the ever-welcome *Rosamunde* music of Schubert; and Mlle. Cramer sang.—At the Highbury Philharmonic Concert on Monday a new cantata, *Coustant of Calais*, by Dr. F. E. Gladstone, was produced.—At the festival of the Sons of the Clergy, at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Wednesday, a choir of 300 voices performed Dr. Stainer's cantata, *Mary Magdalene*, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's *In Memoriam* overture preceded the service.—Of the

Gregorian Festival at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Thursday evening, notice must be reserved.—Concerts of which no further notice is possible have also been given by Mlle. D. Le Brun, Mlle. Heimlicher, Miss Lilian Greville, Mr. W. Griffiths, Signor Denza, Mr. Charlton Speer, Mr. Michael Watson (*Elijah*), Messrs. Blithner, Signor Vitali, Mlle. Ida Henry, Mr. Charles Gardner, Miss Christina Cross, the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, and others; and also charitable concerts in aid of the Wimbledon Art College, the Hians Town Girls' School, the Tonic Sol-fa College, and the School for the Indigent Blind.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The new Albert Palace at Battersea will be opened to the public on Saturday, June 6th.—The first choral rehearsal for the Handel Festival will be held by Mr. Manns at Exeter Hall on Friday. Local choir rehearsals will subsequently be held at Bradford and Birmingham.—Verdi has authoritatively stated that the reports crediting him with a new opera on the subject of *Othello* are incorrect. Replying to a friend he writes, "C'est maintenant le tour des jeunes, ma carrière est finie."—Sir George Grove will write the preface to the translation of Mathieu Lussy's "Traité de l'Expression Musicale," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Novello.—Mr. Irving, Mr. Toole, and other dramatic artists will take part in Mr. Herbert Reeves' first benefit concert at the Crystal Palace on Monday week.—We may venture to remind our readers that Mrs. Dutton Cook, assisted by several artists of eminence, will give a morning concert at 1, Belgrave Square, next Wednesday.—Miss Rosa Leo announces her first public concert at Steinway Hall on Friday of this week.—Alexander Reichardt died at Boulogne last week. Thirty years ago he was a famous opera and concert tenor. Many of his songs, such as "Thou art so near," and "Love's Request," were very popular.—Miss Ehrenberg, a clever mezzo soprano, will give her first concert at Steinway Hall on Tuesday week.—At the sale of the late Charles Reade's violins on Tuesday an Antonius Stradivarius fetched 151/, an A. and H. Amati 39/, 10s., and a Lupot 41/.

#### THE FOUNDING OF THE CONGO FREE STATE\*

WHEN the enterprising proprietor of the *New York Herald* telegraphed to one of his special correspondents to "go and find Livingstone," and that correspondent started off with as light a heart as though he had been ordered to a courtly festivity at St. Petersburg, neither ever imagined that that curt command, so promptly obeyed, would ultimately result in the founding of a great commercial State of sufficient importance to be the subject of a European Conference, and to make treaties with the chief Powers of the World. Yet such has been the case, owing chiefly to the great and indomitable energy, the courage, and good sense of one man, aided by the influence and money of a European Sovereign. When, in 1878, Mr. Stanley returned from his long voyage across Africa and down the Congo, King Leopold II. of the Belgians requested him to take charge of an expedition which, under the auspices of a body entitled "Le Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo," should ascend the river, and establish stations at the most eligible points with a threefold purpose—to effect the civilisation of the natives, to complete the geographical exploration of the district, and to ascertain what field there might be for commercial relations with the riverside tribes. Mr. Stanley got to work in August, 1879, when with a small flotilla of steamers and launches, about a dozen white colleagues of various nationalities, and a staunch band of Zanzibaris, he started up the river. As far as Boma, the last European settlement, all was fair sailing, and the actual work was not begun until Vivi (110 miles from the sea), was reached, which being at the foot of the first cataract, is the limit of direct navigation from the sea. There Stanley founded his first station, and from this time forward the account of his four years' labour in establishing a chain of stations first to Stanley Pool (345 miles from the sea), then to Equator Station (757 miles from the sea), and then again to Stanley Falls (a navigable length of 1,068 miles, and 1,400 miles from the sea), reads almost like an excerpt from Purchas or one of Cook's voyages.

One of the chief charms of the whole story is the almost complete absence of bloodshed. Only on one occasion do we hear of any fatal encounter, and even this was but a skirmish, for Mr. Stanley's experience of the natives had taught him how to deal pacifically with them. Some of the ruses he practised upon them are almost farcical, noteworthy the "Great Gong Fetish," which a would-be treacherous chieftain was very anxious to sound, and the striking of which brought up all Stanley's followers, who had been lying armed to the teeth in ambush, to their feet. Then again the natives on the banks of the stream remembered the "white man of many canoes," who had descended the river a year or so previously, while the *prestige* he gained in making a road from Vivi to Isangila, in order to transport two of his steamers past the first cataracts, gained for him the *sobriquet* of "Bula Matari," or Breaker of Rocks—a name by which Stanley is now universally known from Vivi to Stanley Falls. This road made, two of the steamers were carried past the cataracts, a distance of fifty-two miles, and safely launched at Isangila, whence navigation was clear to Manyanga, where the second series of cataracts necessitated a second portage, almost as far as Stanley Pool, after which the navigation was clear to Stanley Falls, a distance of 1,068 miles. The negotiations with the various chiefs for stations, and the subsequent foundation of Leopoldville, constitute one of the most interesting chapters in the whole history. Stations were formed all along the river as the expedition advanced, and placed in charge of white chieftains. Then, at Stanley Pool, which was reached in November, 1881, Mr. Stanley halted for some months before continuing his journey on the Upper Congo. In April, 1882, nevertheless, he started again, ascended as far as the Kwa River, which he found ended in a large lake. This he called after Leopold II., and then, stricken with fever, was compelled to return to Europe. Not, however, for long, as March, 1883, found him back at Leopoldville, and making preparations for the ascent to Stanley Falls. This journey furnished innumerable wealth of incidents—"blood brotherhood" performed with the various chiefs, tributaries explored, and commercial centres discovered, gladsome recognition by acquaintances made during his descent in 1877, stations established by the way, a meeting with a raiding slave party from Eastern Africa, and the ultimate accomplishment of his task—the final establishment of the station at Stanley Falls in December, 1883—all serve to make up a thrilling narrative of adventure.

Throughout the whole book Mr. Stanley testifies to the eagerness of the natives in every district to trade. The object of the expedition being confined to purely exploring purposes, very few transactions were effected, and great disappointment was not unfrequently expressed at the refusal of white men to buy ivory or camwood powder. "What, then, can we get you?" was the wondering question. Far from showing themselves hostile, the chieftains almost invariably proved themselves ready to enter into "blood brotherhood" with "Bula Matari," and especially keen in their own interests after presents and in those of their subjects in the matter of barter. Not, however, that it was all plain sailing. Negotiations with the chiefs required the utmost patience and self-restraint, mingled with an almost Machiavellian diplomacy. Bloodshed had to be avoided at any price—sacrifice that of dignified firmness, and many of Stanley's followers, particularly some of his station

\* "The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State," by Henry M. Stanley. (Sampson Low and Co.)

chieftains, proved themselves terribly unequal to the task imposed upon them. Apart from the mere geographical interest the work possesses much valuable commercial information. Mr. Stanley deals with the various resources of the country and the relative price of ivory and other products, and of Manchester goods to be taken in exchange. He dilates upon the great advantages of a railway round the first and second range of the cataracts which intercept the navigation of the River, and vigorously combats the theory that the climate is unhealthy provided care is exercised. He is especially emphatic, however, on the subject of abstinence from stimulants while the sun is still up, and upon the danger of exposure when heated to the cold winds which sweep down the gorges in the Congo region. His advice on this point should be noted by all would-be African travellers, as there is little doubt that hundreds of lives are yearly sacrificed to what can only be termed culpable imprudence. His travels at an end Mr. Stanley recounts the proceedings of the Berlin Conference, and details the various treaties contracted by the Association with the various Powers. The book, apart from its interest, is an important contribution to the world's history, and all the more valuable as being written by the man who has himself made that portion of history, and who has forged link by link an important chain of civilisation and commerce in a district covering more than a million square miles, and a stretch of navigation (counting the Congo tributaries of nearly 6,000 miles), hitherto untraversed save by the aborigines and Arab slave traders.

#### VICTOR HUGO

"LE SIÈCLE AVAIT DEUX ANS: ROME REMPLACAIT SPARTA"

THE above well-known line, written by the poet himself, gives the date of Victor Hugo's birth as 1802. His parents at the time were living at Besançon, his father being a Colonel, and before his fifth year he had traversed the whole of the South of France and Italy. Up to the age of twenty young Hugo lived quietly with his family, being brought up under priestly tutorship in the strictest religious principles, and with all the traditions of the *ancien régime*. So great a genius, however, soon showed signs of emancipation, and his first work, "Poésies Diverses," published in 1821, at once stamped him as writer of unusual merit. People were astounded at his boldness and originality, although perhaps as yet they hardly understood his language. Chateaubriand called him "Un Enfant Sublime," and his reputation was speedily increased by *Hans d'Islande*, *Bug-Jargal*, and subsequently his first drama, *Cromwell*, in which he first broke through the ordinary traditions of the French stage. The play, far too long to be acted, was published (in 1827) in book form, and at once attracted universal attention, if only from his preface, in which he declared war upon all the so-called "artistic" ideas of his time. This was followed up by *Les Orientales* and his well-known romance, *Notre Dame de Paris*, together with his dramas *Hernani* (played at the Français in 1830), *Marion Delorme*, *Le Roi s'Amuse*, *Lucrece*, *Marie Tudor*, and *Angelo*. Not that his poetic muse was in any way neglected for his other labours, as was testified by his *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, *Les Chants du Crepuscule*, *Les Voix Intérieures*, *Les Rayons et les Ombres*. In his first writings there is curious evidence of the influence of his monarchical and ecclesiastical education. Indeed he was created a Count by Louis Philippe; but as he grew older the bold republican spirit of that age pervades his work. "J'ai grandi," he remarked to an old friend who had reproached him with having forsaken the teaching of his youth, and what we may consider his *chef d'œuvre*, *Ruy Blas* and *Les Burgraves* proved that he had, in fact, attained his majority both in reputation and in his political opinions. Thus, when the Revolution of 1848 broke out he was elected to the National Assembly, and, as he relates in his "History of a Crime," took an active part in endeavouring to thwart the intrigues of Napoleon III.

In this—in company with many other patriots—he was unsuccessful, and leaving the country, he fled to Brussels, and thence to Guernsey, where he remained until the Prussian bayonets at Sedan upset the Emperor's throne. He revenged himself bitterly, however, upon his enemy by his scathing satires "Les Chatiments," "Napoleon le Petit," and wiled away the weary time of exile by writing "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" and "L'Homme Qui Rit," his stupendous novel—if novel it can be called—"Les Misérables," and that exquisite work, "Les Contemplations," written under the influence of his friend Madame Juliette Drouet—to whom, indeed, he owed his life during the *Coup d'Etat*. The first parts of "La Légende des Siècles" and of "Chansons des Rues et des Bois" were also the fruits of exile, which, however, came to a close in 1870, when Victor Hugo returned to his country to find her groaning beneath the yoke of a victorious enemy, and whose wounds and griefs he so ably chronicled in that grand work, "L'Année Terrible." He re-entered the political world, being elected to the National Assembly at Bordeaux on the conclusion of peace, but speedily resigned, as he found but little sympathy in that chaotic assemblage, and subsequently devoted himself to the vain task of defending the Communist leaders. From that time till now—with the exception of six months in 1878 passed in Guernsey, Victor Hugo has remained in Paris, devoting himself to his grand children—the now well-known "Jeanne" and "Georges," and to his books.

His last two novels "Quatre Vingt Treize" (Ninety Three) and "L'Histoire d'Une Crime," have appeared in this journal, and amongst various poems which he has published of late years are the ever charming "L'Art d'Etre Grandpère" and "Le Pape," a scathing satire upon the Vatican and its satellites. Victor Hugo married when quite young, and was particularly happy in his household which was blessed with four children, Charles, Victor, Adèle, and Leopoldine, all of whom died before him. His life in Paris during the past decade has been essentially patriarchal, surrounded by his intimate friends, and tyrannised over by his idolised grandchildren. Ever fond of adventure he has been accustomed to go out in search of stirring incidents under the veil of a presumed incognito. We say "presumed," because he was known by all, though none ventured to recognise him. He entertained a select party of friends almost daily at dinner, but by ten o'clock every one took care to retire, and leave their host to his rest. On special days he would hold receptions, sometimes of poets, at others of journalists, at others again of strangers. Hospitable to the last, it was only at a little dinner given on Thursday week to M. De Lesseps and his children that he was seized with his fatal illness.

Our portrait was drawn last year from life by Mr. D. Laugée, as we had been fortunate in securing M. Hugo's consent to sit for his portrait especially for publication in this journal.



IN HIS ADDRESS, when recently opening the New Infirmary at Croydon, the Archbishop of Canterbury diverged from the beaten track of philanthropic appeal. Legislation, the Primate said, was required for the prevention of pauperism. Some law should be passed to compel those who were able to support themselves to do

so. His Grace referred with approval to the American system of sending to industrial schools the children of lazy and drunken fathers, who were made to contribute to their support by being provided with compulsory labour.

ACCORDING to a somewhat authoritative statement the Pope has strictly questioned the Irish Bishops now assembled in Rome as to the reasons why they did not pay their respects to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their replies not proving satisfactory, the Head of the Church expressed, it is intimated, his surprise and displeasure at their conduct, and reminded them that the Roman Catholic clergy in Germany, where they suffered oppression now unknown in Ireland, fulfilled the duty which he had enjoined on them, by showing proper respect for the Emperor and the members of the Imperial family.

THE REV. JAMES COX, Perpetual Curate of St. Margaret's, Liverpool, who is charged with illegal ritualistic practises, did not appear when his case was called in the York Chancery Court, before the Vicar Choral, of York Minster, acting as Surrogate for Lord Penzance. He is to be cited to appear personally, or by proctor on June 4th, with the intimation that if he fails to appear the Court will proceed with the suit *in pnam*.

A NEW PROTESTANT CHURCH IN BRUSSELS has been consecrated by Bishop Titcomb.

NEWS HAS BEEN RECEIVED by the Baptist Missionary Society of the safe return of the Rev. S. Grenfell, after a voyage of five months in their steamer on the Upper Congo, from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls, a distance of more than 1,000 miles. He has explored for the first time several tributaries of the Congo, and has established the fact that the great river can now be peacefully navigated. He was accompanied by a small crew of mission assistants.

The death, at his residence, Hackney, is announced in his 65th year, of the Rev. H. A. Stern, for more than forty years a Missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. His labours included missionary work in Persia, Austria, Turkey, and Abyssinia, and he was one of the Abyssinian captives rescued by Lord Napier of Magdala's expedition in 1868. He was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Jerusalem in 1849, admitted to priests orders in 1849 by Dr. Bloomfield, Bishop of London, and in 1881 he received the degree of D.D. from the late Archbishop Tait. Dr. Stern published among other works "Wanderings among the Falashas" and "The Captive Missionary."

THEATRICAL MISSION.—There are 28,000 persons employed in the theatres and music-halls of the metropolis. These persons, especially the women and children, are, from the nature of their calling, exposed to great and peculiar temptations, and the objects of this mission, which was originally commenced in 1873, are to encourage and help such persons with Christian counsel and sympathy; to assist deserving cases, especially in times of sickness; to give requisite aid when other employment is voluntarily sought; and to interest and instruct those who have little leisure to help themselves. In order to carry out these objects, an Institute was opened some years ago in King Street, Covent Garden, which constitutes a kind of club, and the use of which is highly appreciated. A committee of ladies also make personal visits to, and hold correspondence with, the members of the Institute. The undertaking has now outgrown its early requirements, and consequently on Saturday last the foundation stone of a new building in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, was laid under the auspices of the Countess of Aberdeen, the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Bond-Cabell, and others. A sum of 4,000/- is needed for the completion of the new premises, and in aid of this fund donations will be thankfully received by Messrs. Fuller, Nix, and Co., bankers, 77, Lombard Street; or by Mr. Courthope Todd, the director (whose wife is the Lady Superintendent), at the Office, 21, King Street, Covent Garden.



THE common belief that casual *matinée* performances of new plays are the desperate expedient of dramatists whose works are neither in favour nor deserving of being in favour with the managers has been somewhat shaken by recent examples. This week adds another to the list in the shape of an original comedy by Mr. Sydney Grundy, brought out, with the title of *The Silver Shield*, at the STRAND Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Grundy's invention has not, unfortunately, proved equal to the task of presenting a good story. Something, no doubt, there is of promise in the notion of exemplifying the old fable of the silver shield, by showing a husband who quarrels with his wife, and a wife who quarrels with her husband, simply because in each instance there was a neglect to look at the other side of the matter in dispute; but the working out of the idea is not equal to the conception. Mr. Grundy's heroine, who is persuaded that her husband has made love to a popular actress, when, in fact, he has only written a love-scene in which she is to act; and her husband, who deserts this same popular actress on the strength of one-half of what seems to be a confession of infidelity till the other half of the letter is found, are *pro tanto* silly people; and their sorrowful outbursts, tremblings, and elopements only make them look more silly still. On the other hand, the "situations," as they are technically called, are dramatically set forth; the personages are amusing, and the dialogue is throughout written with much animation and genuine humour. The play being moreover well acted, these qualities more than suffice to secure it a reception which promises well for its future career. Miss Amy Roselle plays the part of the fascinating actress with a very careful and pleasant elaboration of its abundant lights and shades; and Miss Kate Rorke, who is always pleasing, does much to redeem the weakness of the needlessly jealous lady. A performance of the part of an aristocratic and somewhat prejudiced but delightfully frank and good natured old gentleman by Mr. John Beauchamp will remind veteran playgoers of the elder Farren. For consistency and high finish the portrait could hardly be surpassed. Mr. Barrington and Mrs. Leigh Murray in the respective parts of a censorious and sententious clergyman and his wife afforded much amusement. Mr. Arthur Dacre plays the part of the actress's rashly jealous husband; and Mr. C. Herbert that of the husband of the equally rashly jealous young lady. An extremely humorous sketch of a jovial pushing theatrical manager was contributed by Mr. Charles Groves.

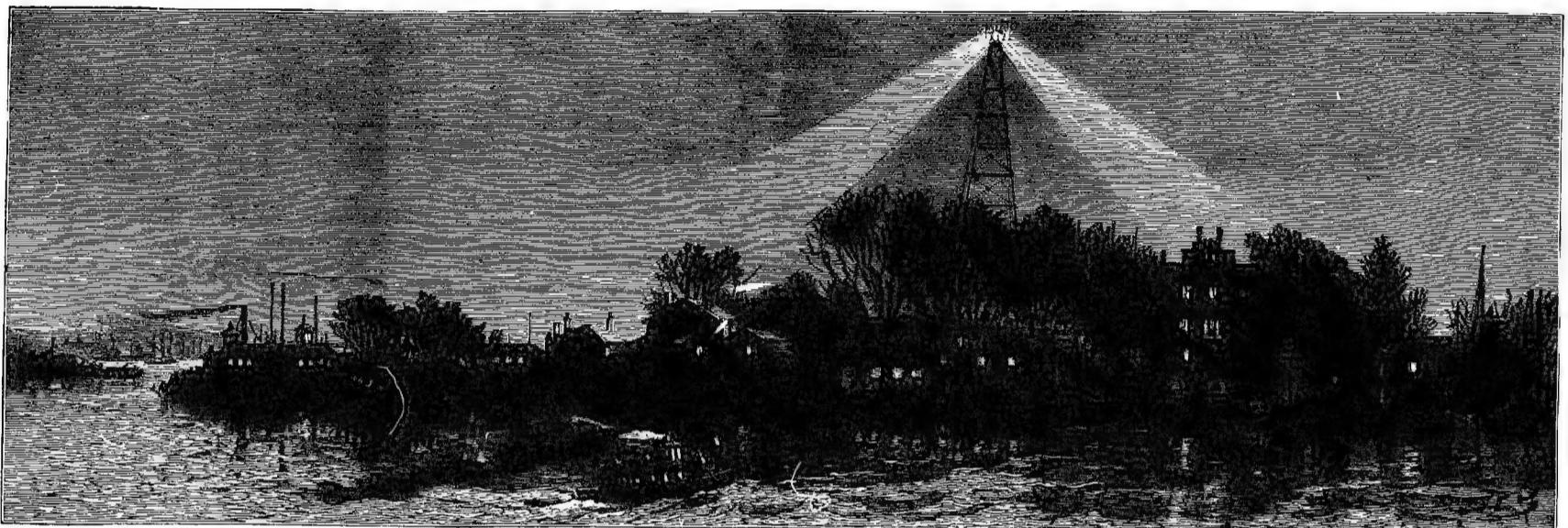
A clever idea imperfectly developed is the only verdict that can be justly given in regard to the late Mr. Byron's comic drama, *The Shuttlecock*, brought out at TOOLE'S Theatre on Saturday afternoon, and since transferred to the evening bill, in association with that merry trifle, *The Great Tay-Kin*. Something, however, has, we believe, since been done to strengthen the second and third acts; and Mr. Toole, as all playgoers know, is rarely quite at his best in a new part till a few representations before a real audience—which is a far more inspiring thing than any number of dress rehearsals before a scanty gathering in the stalls—have enabled him fully to warm to his work. The notion of this piece is that of a prosaic parallel to the story of *The Lady of Lyons*, and nothing could be drollier than Mr. Toole's impersonation in the first act of the stage-struck, loutish son of the Temple laundress, who has fallen desperately in love with the equally romantic young lady whom he



MR. F. J. FARGUS ("HUGH CONWAY")  
Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days."  
Died May 15, 1885. Aged 38



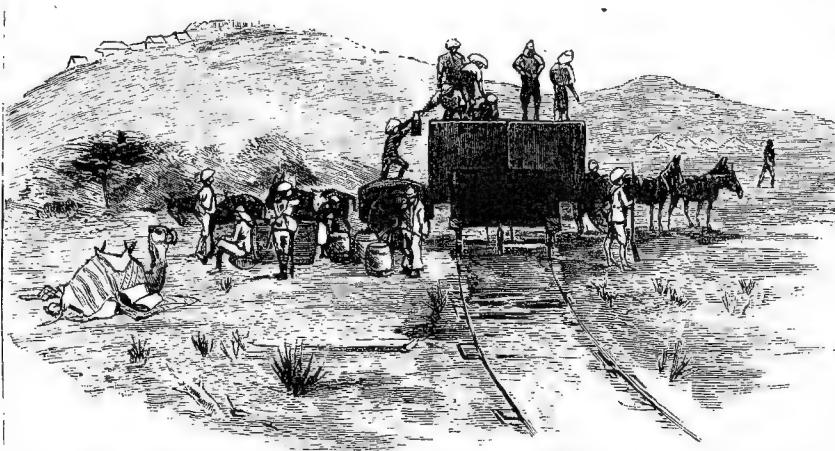
MAJOR JOHN McBLAIN  
Quartermaster, 1st Battalion Scots Guards  
Born July 21, 1831; Died May 4, 1885



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FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS



HOW WATER IS DISTRIBUTED FROM THE RAILWAY-TANKS TO THE TROOPS AT  
THE ADVANCED POSTS  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp



A CAMEL IN DISTRESS  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp



SCENE OF AN ATTACK ON A CONVOY A FORTNIGHT AFTER  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp



1. Picking Up a Cap at Full Gallop.—2. Colonel Palmer, Commanding the 19th Bengal Cavalry (late Hodson's Horse).—3. Standing on the Saddle.—4. Hanging Head-Downwards from the Saddle.—5. Jumping from One Horse to Another.

FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP BY NATIVE INDIAN TROOPS  
From a Sketch by a Military Officer

WITH SIR GERALD GRAHAM AT SUAKIM

has seen at the play. There is, of course, a tempter who for motives of revenge brings about the marriage of the ludicrously woe-begone and sentimental youth with the young lady of superior station; and of course there is the rude awakening from the dream in the humble abode of the bridegroom's mother, now mistress of the Trout Inn at Tickleton-on-Thames. Perhaps if the drollery of the first act had not been so abundant, the falling-off which ensued would have been less sensibly felt. As it was, the audience were rather painfully conscious of the decline in the fun; nor can this be fairly attributed to the witty and graceful versifier and essayist who has added the finishing touches to Mr. Byron's incomplete work, since these additions are understood to be substantially confined to the last act. Among the best pieces of acting in the performance was Miss Eliza Johnstone's impersonation of the mother. Mr. Shelton's "Tankery Tee-tum, a mystery," was also a clever performance.

The rival versions of M. Sardou's *Maison Neuve* at the ST. JAMES'S and PRINCE'S are heralded by what seems to threaten a newspaper wrangle. Mrs. Langtry prides herself on being first in the field, and seems indeed to have been the first to announce her intention. She also informs the public that as long as twelve months ago she had purchased a version of this well-known play, dissatisfaction with which induced her subsequently to employ Mr. Sydney Grundy to prepare another. Messrs. Hare and Kendal's announcements, on the other hand, state that their version has been in preparation for some months. There is probably here a mere accidental coincidence; nor do we indeed understand that either party has any intention of changing the other with copying the plans of a rival.

More decided novelties are in preparation at the ST. JAMES'S, in the shape of a version of M. Claretie's new piece *Le Prince Zilah* and a new and original comedietta by Mr. Theyre Smith, who it will be remembered provided Mr. and Mrs. Kendal with that admirable and ever popular little duologue known as *Uncle's Will*.

Mr. C. M. Rae's comedietta, founded on M. Edmond About's *Risetti*, and brought out at the STRAND Theatre on Saturday, makes perhaps as much as could be made out of materials not very promising, at least for the English stage. The result, however, was hardly worth the pains bestowed. Mr. Rae writes dialogue cleverly and has already shown decided aptitude for the stage. He would do well perhaps to rely on his own powers of invention. The little piece, however, which bears the name of *The Sunny Side*, is merely a *livre de rideau* before the appearance of Mr. J. S. Clarke in *A Widow Hunt*.

The "Home for Ladies Intending to Emigrate," which, under the presidency of Viscountess Strangford and the indefatigable direction of Mrs. E. L. Blanchard, the hon. secretary, shows so many tokens of vigorous life, put forth a brilliant programme for their entertainment at the COURT Theatre, on Thursday afternoon. A new and original comic opera, written by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, with music by Mr. Arthur Hervey, who conducts the orchestra, and a comedietta by Sir Charles Young, in which Lady Monckton and Mrs. Henry Labouchere took part, were among the principal items. Lady Strangford was to address the audience; but the performances came, unfortunately, too late in the week for notice.

Mrs. Bernard Beere is going to play Katherine at the HAYMARKET in Garrick's version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. We believe the Petruchio will be Mr. Forbes Robertson, though the part is somewhat out of his line. By far the best representative of this character in recent times is Mr. Henry Neville.

Simultaneously with the production of this play on Saturday next Mrs. Bancroft will reappear in Mr. Gilbert's *Sweethearts* as well as in the character of Nan in *Good for Nothing*. A morning performance will be given at the GAIETY Theatre on Saturday, the 30th inst., by the "Busy Bees" A.D.C. in aid of the funds of the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, on which occasion will be played *For Her Child's Sake*, by Sir Charles Young, Bart., and *The Palace of Truth* by W. S. Gilbert. The performance will be under the direction of Mrs. Lennox Browne, 36, Weymouth Street, W., from whom tickets may be obtained, as well as at the Theatre and the Hospital.



**THE TURF.**—The Kempton Meeting on the two last days of last week was a great success in every way, and now that the Prince of Wales has set his seal upon the Sunbury establishment by paying his first visit to it, Sandown will have to look to its laurels. The Kempton Grand Prize of 1,000/- for three-year-olds produced a field of a dozen, and was considered so good a thing for Esterling on his recent running that only 6 to 4 was laid against him. Necromancer, however, beat him easily enough, and so settled his Derby pretensions. The Great Breeders' Produce Stakes saw ten youngsters at the post, and odds were laid on Saraband, who made his bow to the public and won. He is thought by many to be as good a colt as The Bard. Scot-free at last won a race, securing the Westminster Cup in a field of five. The Newmarket Second Spring Meeting this week excited but little interest as compared with the previous gatherings at head-quarters. On the first day visitors had a look at the all-conquering Bard, who won the Spring Stakes. This was his eighth successive victory, and he has now put 4,810/- in stakes to his owner's account. The Payne Stakes brought out the Derby favourite Melton, who beat his three antagonists in such style that he headed Paradox in the quotations for the Epsom race, his figure being 3 to 1, while Paradox was quoted at 7 to 2. Talking of the Derby, Xantrailles has returned to this country, and will probably take part in the race.—The Turf has lost a well-known character in the death of Mr. F. Swindell ("Lord Freddy"), who has just died at Brighton, at the age of seventy-three. In his time he owned some good horses, and made several notable coups.

**CRICKET.**—Despite most uncricket-like weather public cricketers have had to play the games arranged for them, and several of the counties have got into full swing. Surrey has been particularly busy, and has gained victories over Hampshire by an innings and 280 runs, and over Leicestershire by an innings and 53 runs. Surrey has begun the season well, and her batsmen are in good form. In the Leicestershire match Mr. W. W. Read scored 94, Mr. Roller 86, and Wood 57 (not out), and in the Hampshire match Mr. Shuter made 135, Mr. Diver 67, and Mr. Roller 92, the other batsmen swelling the total to 461.—Unlike her geographical neighbour, Sussex has opened badly, having been defeated by Notts by nine wickets, and making a very poor show in a drawn game against Yorkshire, in which the county of broad acres put together 377 against the 105 of the Southerners.—The M.C.C., too, has been busy. In a match against Oxford, which was drawn in favour of the Club, Mr. E. J. C. Studd was credited with 110 in his first innings for the M.C.C. On Tuesday the Club was beaten by Kent by six wickets; and every one will be glad to see Mr. Hornby not only took a part in the game, but scored in something like his old form 46 and 84. No less than four of the name of Hearne played in the Kent eleven.—Gloucestershire has been trying the paces of her colts, among whom is one with the familiar name of Grace. The great "W. G." played in the game, and scored 43.

**TENNIS.**—Few more important tennis matches have been played than that for the Championship of the World, contested last

week at Hampton Court, between Lambert, Champion of England, and Pettitt, of Boston, U.S.A., who is an Englishman by birth, and an American by residence. The match consisted of twelve sets, four being played on each of three days. On the first Lambert gained an advantage, and held his own on the second, but on the last day Pettitt, who played most brilliantly, caught him up, and eventually won the Championship by seven sets to five. Considering the fact that Lambert is forty-three years old he made a grand show against his more youthful antagonist.

**SWIMMING.**—James Finney, of Oldham, and J. J. Collier, of Salford, both well known "natationists," contested the One Mile Championship on Saturday last on the Hollingworth Lake, near Rochdale. Finney seemed winning easily, but a little before the finish he was seized by cramp and cold, and had to be taken out of the water in a seriously exhausted condition. In this wretchedly cold weather surely a long swim was rather a hazardous business; and it is difficult to understand how two men could be found to submit themselves to over half an hour's immersion in ice-cold water.

**RAREY REDIVIVUS.**—Professors Hamilton Sample and Galvayne (of America and Australia respectively), inaugurated on Saturday last, at Hengler's Circus, an exhibition for showing their system of taming vicious horses. The introductory lecture, in which both the above-named gentlemen took part, was intelligent and interesting, but inordinately long, and the audience was rather tired by the time the actual performance took place. If, as we were informed, these horses had been a few hours before nervous and excitable, or vicious creatures, the change effected was really miraculous, for they did not seem to have a kick among the lot of them, and submitted to have tin cans tied to their tails, and crackers let off close to their heels, without displaying the least emotion. The lecturers are willing to impart their secret for a fee of 5/- 5s., and they stated that during their Australian tour they secured no less than 5,000 pupils on these terms. As these pupils, no doubt, will in their turn take other pupils, a downright vicious horse, a kicker, biter, or buck-jumper, ought soon to become as great a rarity on the Australian continent as an aboriginal white swan.



"A FARM THAT REALLY PAYS" is the title of an article in one of the current monthlies, and it has excited some little interest, though the editor does not announce if it is to be followed by "El Dorado" or "The Land of Prester John." The article contrasts farming supported by capital with the "Farm that Pays" described by Lady Gaskell, and which, although conducted by slavish industry, only realised 40/- profit. The "farm that really pays" is one of 500 acres (300 arable and 200 pasture) realising 3,500/- at a cost of 3,000/-—just twenty shillings per acre. The successful farmer who managed to do this is to be heartily congratulated, but we fear he is sadly misleading his fellow-agriculturists in reasoning that his exceptional fortune and experiences are likely to be general. For one case of a man spending 6/- to the acre, and making 500/- profit, can be set scores of examples of able, patient, and competent men, who have sunk their money, and ended by making no profit at all. Cattle and sheep, when free from disease, pay, but they do not pay anything like what was wont to be considered as a commercial profit. As to corn, wheat is now selling under cost price, and so are all but the choice samples of spring corn. Hops and fruit are speculative crops which only capitalists can afford to grow.

PASTURE continues to gain on arable, but still the Legislature and land companies appear to think that smaller and not larger holdings may be made profitable in the future. The experiences of the past quarter of a century and the desires of the present generation do not agree, and there seem to be but two ways of reconciling experiences and hopes. The first way is by making arable farming profitable; the second is by subdividing pasture. The first, which is seen yearly with more and more clearness to involve protection, may be now dismissed as beyond the immediate range of practical attempts. The second will not possibly be tried, but if it is, then it will have to be remembered that making a good pasture is a tedious and expensive task, and that even in a cool moist climate which suits grass, and where the land naturally lays itself down, it takes many years to make a good turf. Thus, good land already well made cannot be got cheaply. As to the conversion of arable into pasture, few farmers can afford to do so, and seeds will cost at least thirty shillings an acre if good varieties of grasses are selected.

**THE NATIONAL LAND COMPANY** start with a handsome gift of four hundred acres of farm land near Lambourne, in West Berkshire. This farm land is we understand to be worked pasture and arable together, on the co-operative plan, that is to say, a small body of labourers is to be selected, and the farm is to be handed over to them on the terms of joint-occupancy. Their position in setting to work at the present unpropitious period of English agriculture does not inspire us with much hope, and we do not wonder that agriculturists under Lord Harris recently declined to make a similar venture.

**THE HOPS**, besides being very backward, are not faring well in other ways. In a year when, for some reason or other, tall fine hop poles are extremely cheap, only a sovereign for a hundred, against an average charge of 35/-, the hops themselves do not look like requiring much more than walking sticks. Wire worms are already busy at their roots and lice on the few poor leaves. The weeds in the hop gardens seem to have come on as cheerily as though they needed no moisture, or genial air, or warmth. They seem to thrive on night frosts, and to exult in the east winds. There is still time for amendment; that is the only consolation to be offered to the farmer who shows us round his hop gardens in this merry month of May.

**BARLEY.**—The proposed new duty on beer will be equal to raising the tax on barley from 24s. 7d. to 28s. 6d. per qr., or nearly 4s. per qr. This is a very serious disability to impose upon the British farmer, and is all the more serious, because it falls on the arable farmer, whose battle is the hardest of all at the present time. The remission of some of the local burdens now pressing heavily on farmers might at least have been expected, but the refusal of the Government to assent to the proposals of Sir Massey Lopes and the Chamber of Agriculture has caused many Liberal farmers to despair of obtaining relief from the present Administration. We believe that the farmers' vote at elections shifts more largely than that of any other class. Each Government disappoints them, and meets with their opposition at the next election.

**ENGLAND'S LARGEST LANDOWNER**, the Ecclesiastical Commission, will in future sell to its agricultural tenants at a thirty years' term, and will allow 85 per cent. to remain on mortgage. This latter agreement appears to us almost incautious, considering what has been the depreciation in land and agricultural holdings during the past decade. The offer of the Commission is to give purchasers the deeds of conveyance free of all charge, except for stamp duty, which of course is a Government exaction largely adding to the expensiveness, and at least in some degree to the inconvenience, of transferring real property. We understand that the interest to be charged on the money remaining on mortgage will be only

3/- 12s. 6d. per cent., but upon this point we need further information. The rate, however, will certainly be low.



THERE ARE RUMOURS once more of the impending resignation of the Lord Chancellor and of the accession of Sir William Harcourt to the Woolsack.

**THE IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL**, the Right Hon. J. Naish, who has taken scarcely any active part in politics, and is respected by all parties, is to be the new Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He will be succeeded in the Attorney-Generalship by the present Solicitor-General, Mr. Walker, and Mr. MacDermott, Q.C., becomes Solicitor-General. Both Mr. Walker and Mr. MacDermott are Roman Catholics.

**SIR WILLIAM HAROURT** has formally intimated to the Principal of King's College, London, that he has instructed the Public Prosecutor to inquire into the circumstances attending the death of the unfortunate *alumnus* of King's College School, C. F. Tordas.

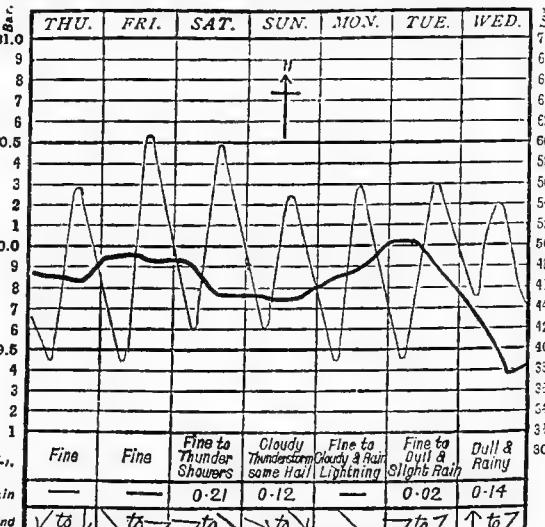
WITH MONDAY AFTERNOON closed the trial, at the Central Criminal Court, of the dynamitards, Cunningham and Burton. In summing-up Mr. Justice Hawkins paid a deserved compliment to the fairness with which the prosecution had been conducted on the part of the Crown, and remarked, incidentally, that if any man deserved the name of hero it was Sergeant Cole. After deliberating for no more than a quarter of an hour the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty." Cunningham briefly, and Burton more lengthily, protested his innocence; Burton remarking that if he had been guilty he would have left London after the explosion, and Cunningham asserting that the detonator found in his box had never been put there by him. Mr. Justice Hawkins then sentenced them to penal servitude for life. Burton, it is stated, is now known to have been a director of the operations of the dynamitards, and Cunningham to have been one of his subordinate agents.

A BREACH OF THE LUNACY LAWS has been severely punished, though in this case there was no suspicion of conspiracy or bad faith on the part of the defendant, the proprietor of a lunatic asylum at Peckham. An alleged lunatic was detained on the strength of a certificate illegally post-dated by a day with the cognisance soon after the occurrence of the proprietor of the asylum. In summing-up Mr. Justice Grove cautioned the jury against being led away by an undue sympathy with people shut up in asylums, or by the prejudice against mad doctors created by recent cases. The jury, however, gave the plaintiff 500/- damages; but on the defendant's asking for stay of execution on the ground that they were excessive, the Judge granted the application on condition that the defendant paid 100/-, and costs to the plaintiff's solicitor, and the other 400/-, into Court pending a final decision as to the damages.

PERSONS WHO INSURE AGAINST ACCIDENTS should take care to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the terms on which policies are granted. In a recent case tried on Tuesday, in the Queen's Bench Division, the insurer had met in July, 1883, with an accident, the effects of which were not fully developed until March, 1884. He then gave the Provincial Company in which he was insured notice of the accident, but they refused to accept it on the ground that his policy contained a proviso that notice of the accident should be given in seven days after it occurred. The Court, without hearing the Company's counsel, upheld this contention, and gave judgment in their favour.

IN AN ACTION against the London and South-Western Company for personal injury incurred through an accident on their line caused primarily by the breaking of a link of a coupling chain, the jury found that there had been a want of proper care and skill in the manufacture of the link, which ought, in their opinion, to have been tested, and they awarded 400/- damages. Fifty pounds of this was for medical attendance. It was stated in the course of the trial that a doctor's bill for 143/- had been sent in, and in summing-up Mr. Justice Lopes took occasion to say that it was most unprofessional conduct in a medical man to make exorbitant charges just because the bill was to be paid by a railway company.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has been fine on the whole, but decidedly cold for the season of the year. Pressure at the commencement of the period was highest in the west, and lowest over France and Scandinavia, with moderate north-westerly winds and fine but cold weather at the majority of our stations. In the course of Saturday (16th inst.), Sunday (17th inst.), and Monday (18th inst.), a well-marked but somewhat shallow depression travelled from the neighbourhood of the Shetlands to the coast of Holland, occasioning a steady fall in the barometer for a time generally. This produced westerly breezes for a brief interval over the south of the United Kingdom, but the moderate to strong north-westerly winds which were experienced elsewhere soon became general, with thunderstorms accompanied by heavy rain and some hail over England. At the close of the week a depression was lying off our western coasts, with several subsidiary disturbances in various localities, and a briskly falling barometer generally. Fresh southerly winds prevailed in most places, with rain in many parts of the kingdom. The maximum thermometer has only once exceeded 60° during the period, viz., on Friday (15th inst.), when 61° were registered in London, while the average temperature for the week has been some degrees below the normal. The barometer was highest (30.02 inches) on Monday (18th inst.) and Tuesday (19th inst.); lowest (29.38 inches) on Wednesday (20th inst.); range, 0.64 inches. Temperature was highest (61°) on Friday (15th inst.); lowest (59°) on Thursday (14th inst.), Friday (15th inst.), Monday (18th inst.), and Tuesday (19th inst.); range, 22°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.49 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.21 inches on Saturday (16th inst.).

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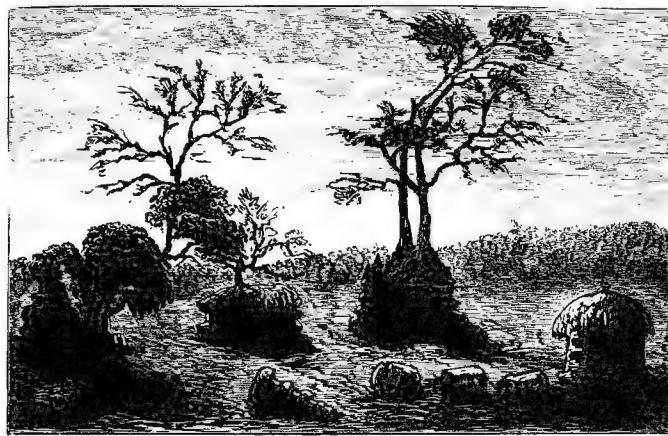
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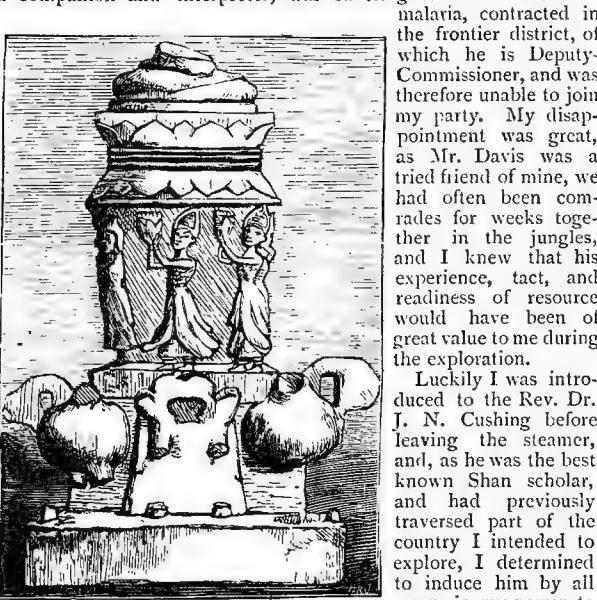
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HOLT S. HALLETT, M.I.N.S.C.E., F.R.G.S.

ON the 12th of December, 1883, I left London for Liverpool, and embarked the next day for Rangoon. Mr. Colquhoun, who was to have been my colleague, was much distressed at not being able to accompany me, and, as he wished me good-bye and a prosperous journey,



RUINS AT KIANG HSEN

assured me that he would do his utmost to join me in six months or so. On arriving at Rangoon, I found that Mr. John C. Davis, the celebrated dacoit hunter, whom I had hoped to secure as a companion and interpreter, was suffering from the effects of malaria, contracted in the frontier district, of which he is Deputy-Commissioner, and was therefore unable to join my party. My disappointment was great, as Mr. Davis was a tried friend of mine, we had often been comrades for weeks together in the jungles, and I knew that his experience, tact, and readiness of resource would have been of great value to me during the exploration.



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Luckily I was introduced to the Rev. Dr. J. N. Cushing before leaving the steamer, and, as he was the best known Shan scholar, and had previously traversed part of the country I intended to explore, I determined to induce him by all means in my power to join my party. Dr. Cushing had been for some time employed in translating the Bible into Shan, and was feeling the effects of over-study, which were telling upon him, the more as he had not quite recovered from ailments caused by a late attack of jungle fever.

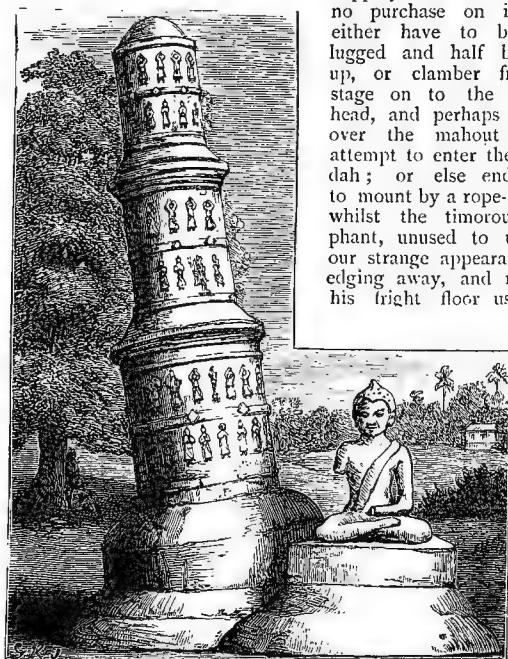
It was pleasant to see his face light up as I broached the subject to him, and he declared his willingness to join me as companion and

and paid my official calls, I left for Maulmain to make arrangements for the journey. Hearing of my arrival, my old servant, Go Paul, at once came to see me, and aided me greatly by making the required bazaar purchases and getting me two Madras servants. Never for a moment did these two boys lose heart, not even when they were suffering from jungle fever. When well, they, and Dr. Cushing's boy, were teeming with jokes, generally played upon Por-Tow, the elder of my two Shan interpreters. Por-Tow had an overweening opinion of himself; he had been a village head-man, his word for years had been listened to with reverence, and he was never tired of laying down the law on any subject, whether he understood it or not. Unfortunately for him he was not only the butt for the boys, but likewise for a small elephant that followed its mother in our train from Zimme to Kiang Hai. Somehow or other he unwillingly became the playmate of the huge infant, who would slyly steal behind him, and with a sudden lurch, or a quick shuffle, shoulder him sprawling on the ground. During this part of the journey Por-Tow was like a haunted man, for ever looking behind him to see if his enemy was near. I shall never forget the scene when we were crossing the Meh Low in about chest-deep water: the men had for decency's sake stayed behind the elephants we were riding; happening to look round I saw them all in the swift running water, and the little elephant enjoying himself at their expense; the men were floundering about in all directions, laughing at each other, but most of all at Por-Tow, who was being made sport of by his playmate.

Madras boys are generally good linguists, and soon pick up sufficient words of a strange language for their own needs. Before we had been many days on our journey, I found Vayloo, my cook, with the aid of Jewan, my boy, finding out from the natives not only the cost of things at the town we were halting at, but also inquiring about what were the proper prices at Zimme. Having hired the Madras boys, and a half-breed Burman called Moung Loogalay as my personal attendant, I set to work unpacking and re-packing my stores. In elephant travelling you have to see that the burdens are so arranged that they will fit into the elephant howdahs, and as weight is a great consideration the lighter the casing, as long as it is strong, the better. We accordingly purchased about forty baskets made of pliable wicker work, each being about twenty inches long, fifteen inches broad, and ten inches deep, with lids of the same material. These, when packed, together with two waterproof bags, two small tin boxes, a folding bedstead and chairs, and three cases of spirits, formed our luggage. Medicines, consisting of quinine, chlorodyne, pain-killer, Warburg's tincture, Goa powder, ipecacuanha, Dover's powder, Eno's Fruit Salt, Cockle's pills, and laudanum were taken with us in case of need, and for presents.

All my preparations being completed, on the 12th of January I sent my boys on with the luggage to Shwaygoon, a town some sixty miles distant from Maulmain up the Salween River, and followed with Mr. Ross, of the Bombay Burmah Trading Company, on the 15th, in a steam-launch. The same day we left in carts for Hlineboay, where we arranged for hiring elephants for both of our parties. Returning to Shwaygoon, I made a boat-journey up the Salween as far as Yembine to see whether it was practicable to carry a railway in that direction. On my return to Shwaygoon, on the 20th, I found that Dr. Cushing and the remainder of our party had arrived there. The next day we left with seven bullock carts, and, after a good ducking in the Hlineboay river, owing to our driver missing the ford, reached Hlineboay, where we found that the Burman magistrate had procured fourteen elephants—six for our party, and eight for that of the Bombay Burmah party, which wished to accompany us as far as Maingoongyee. As the latter party had not arrived by the 23rd I determined to start, and make short marches until they

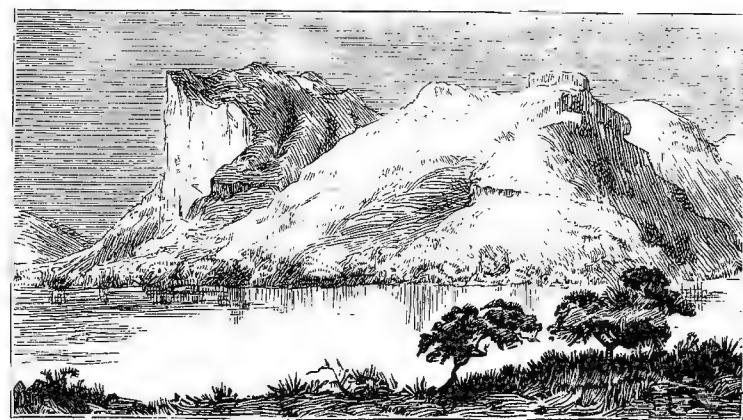
monster, and scrambles up, but we, with our boots and tight-fitting clothes, in vain attempt to follow their example. The hide is so slippery that we can get no purchase on it, and either have to be half lugged and half bundled up, or clamber from a stage on to the beast's head, and perhaps sprawl over the mahout as we attempt to enter the howdah; or else endeavour to mount by a rope-ladder, whilst the timorous elephant, unused to us and our strange appearance, is edging away, and may in his flight fling us with



LEANING PAGODA NEAR KIANG HSEN

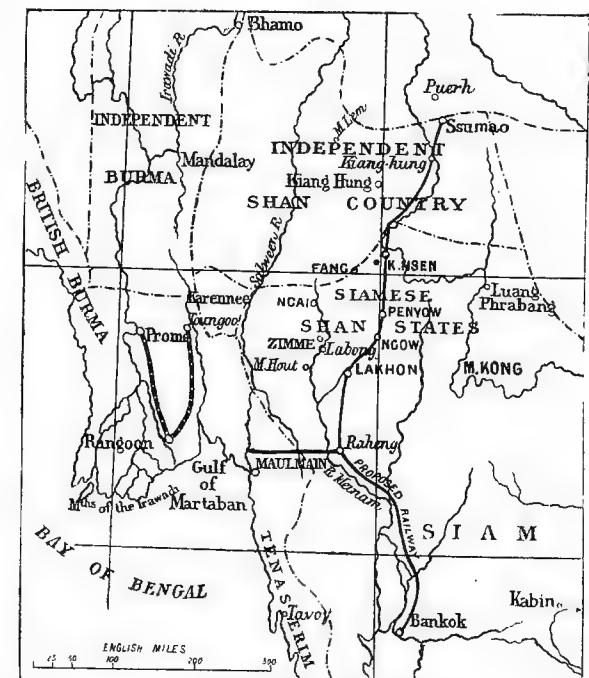
a swing of his trunk, and endeavour to make an end of us with his tusks.

Such an attack was made on Dr. House, a missionary, who was



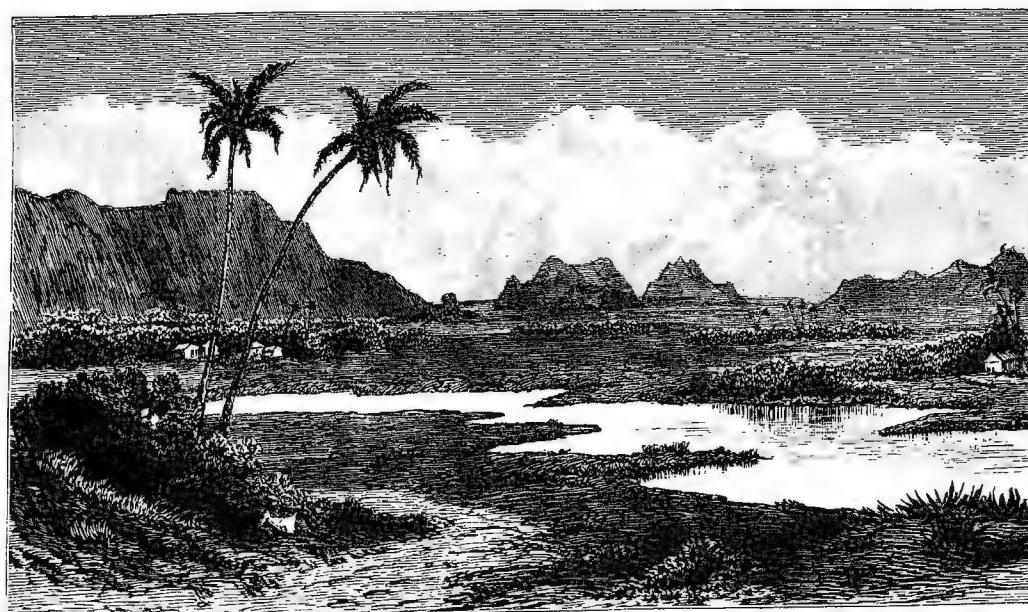
SCENE ON THE MEH PING (SOUTH OF GORGE)

proceeding from Raheng to Zimme; he relates the occurrence thus: "I followed my elephants on foot through the woods, it being pleasanter walking than riding through the cool morning hours. To



MAP SHOWING PROPOSED RAILWAYS

avoid the dust I thought to go on before, when in passing the elephant I usually rode, a good steed and well-broken male, with which I supposed I was on the best of terms, the creature unexpectedly and without provocation, as if a sudden wicked impulse seized it, turned upon me, laid me prostrate with a blow of its



THE FANG PLAIN, VIEW OF LOI TUM-TAP-TOW

interpreter, if his doctor would sanction his going. The doctor being willing, Dr. Cushing set to work and procured two Shans, who understood both Burmese and Shan, to accompany the expedition as interpreters, and aid him in studying the different dialects of the Shans. Having procured the necessary passports,

caught us up. Having secured a guide, who could speak Burmese, Talaing, and Karen, to come with us as far as Maingoongyee, we mounted our elephants, and I commenced the survey.

Mounting an elephant is no easy matter for a European; a native, with his bare feet and lithe body, just takes hold of the ear of the

trunk, and when I looked up was charging upon me, with murder in its eye, to transfix me with its dreadful tusks. It was a moment of horror which I cannot recall even now without a shudder. Escape was impossible, for a tree hedged me in. Down came the merciless thrust; I felt my clothing giving way; and then, oh! horrible, the huge tusk tearing through my abdomen. Before he could finish his cruel work by trampling the life out of me, the Laos who was astride of his neck regained the control of the beast, and



IMAGE OF BUDDHA AT KIANG HSEN

got him back into the road again. Tearing open my clothes, I found a frightful wound, nearly three inches in length and of unknown depth, and gave myself up for dead. Who had ever heard of one transfixed by an elephant's tusk and surviving?"

Only one such accident occurred to my party. This happened at Muang Fang, when one of the elephant attendants, having irritated an elephant, was knocked down by a blow of its trunk, and slightly injured by a thrust of its tusks, which grazed one of his arms and wounded his side. Another man was killed by a wild elephant close to Kiang Hsei whilst I was staying there. The Prince of the place refused to allow the animal to be killed, although this was by no means his first offence, as he was of great size, and was valuable as a stud elephant for his herd. I was assured that the footprints of this murderous beast measured more than two feet in diameter.

I do not know whether any one before me ever attempted to make a route survey from the back of an elephant; the difficulty of the proceeding can only be conceived by one who has tried it, particularly if the animal is a tall, long-striding brute. Each movement is a jolt nearly dislocating the spine, and you run a near chance of having your eye thrust out by the prismatic compass you are peering through, until you learn the knack of becoming pliable to the motion of the beast, and accommodating yourself to its gait. Female elephants are much pleasanter to ride than male ones, but, as a male elephant is considered superior, the Princes insisted that I, being the head of a party that they wished to honour, should invariably mount the largest male tusker that they were possessed of. The weariness caused by the constant jolting that I suffered for months, joined with the constant wakefulness of my attention from

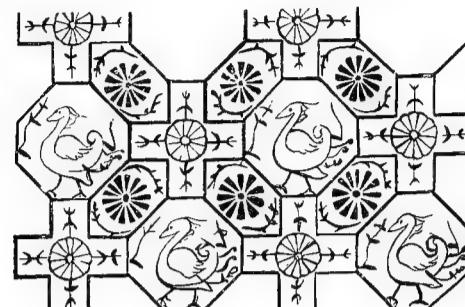
early morning to night, having to notice the features of the country, the angles at every turn of the path, the heights at every change of elevation, the time of every observation, the temperature, the geology, the size of streams, distance of hills, names of trees and villages, cultivation, caravans, in fact, everything that I came across, together with the fatigue of questioning the guides, Princes, and head-men, late into the night, wherever I stopped, left me nearly prostrated on my arrival at Bangkok. Small-pox was raging in the Maingloongyee, Kiang Hsei, Kiang Hsen, Muang Hpan, and Penyow districts through which I conducted my party. Dr. Cushing contracted it at Penyow, and I was in daily fear that others in my company would be infected. All the natives seemed to be fatalists; on inquiry we found that our own attendants were having their meals in houses where small-pox was raging. They would

many deaths from this cause had occurred among exploring parties traversing these regions. Mr. McCarthy, who was surveying the country to the south-east of Luang Prabang for the King of Siam, arrived in Bangkok a few days after I did; he had lost his European companion and four others of his party by fever and dysentery, and he and many of his remaining followers were laid up for some time after their return.

Our first march was a short one, the elephants, after being unloaded, had their front feet shackled with anklets made of twisted cane, and were led away to their bath, and afterwards turned into the jungle to feed. Previously to starting, we had numbered each pah, or basket, and had noted their contents in a book. Each

sides of our camp, but we were so fortunate as to see no more of them than their footprints. They were perhaps too dainty to attack men whilst game was so plentiful.

Before leaving Maulmain we were warned that there might be danger from dacoits near our frontier. When halting for the night near Teh-dau Sakan, our last police-station, a party of Chinamen passed our camp with a good number of ponies and mules which



PLASTER DESIGN ON PILLARS OF TEMPLE AT KIANG HSEN



VIEW ON THE MEH PING FROM KAM PHENG PET

poured after being brewed in another pot. At times we were so tired of fowls that we purchased cattle and had them slaughtered, as we could not otherwise get a beef-steak; pork, even from wild boar, was dangerous food. Nearly all the people of a village we passed through in the Muang Fang plain were suffering from trichinosis, and most of the inhabitants in Viang Pa Pow had been taken ill about two years previously.

Our encampments were generally under the shelter of large evergreen trees, at times upwards of twenty-four feet in girth, a hundred and fifty feet to the lowest branch, and from a hundred and eighty to two hundred feet in height. Our shelter until we reached Zimme consisted of a frail structure formed of a few branches covered over with two waterproof sheets, slightly pent, so as to allow the heavy dew to drop off. Our howdahs, for this stage of our journey, were without covers, so we could not creep into them to escape from the storms that are frequent in the hills, even in the dry season. Sometimes we could protect the sides and back of our shelter with bushes or clumps of bamboos; at others, when rain was threatening, we had to make an extra shelter with our rugs. One night I had turned in much fatigued, having stayed up late inking in my journal, when I was awakened by Dr. Cushing, who told me I had better turn out, for it was raining in torrents. I merely said "All right!" and went to sleep again. Soon the water gathered on the waterproofs, weighed them down from the ridge, and came pouring down on my mosquito curtain, and, soaking through it, brought me effectively out of Dreamland. I got no compassion from my companion, who absolutely roared with laughter at my being ducked. A change of clothes and a "peg" of whisky was at hand, and having lit a cigar, I was ready to crouch out the storm cheerfully.

Our dinners were similar to our breakfasts, with the addition of fried plantains, tapioca, or boiled rice and jam.

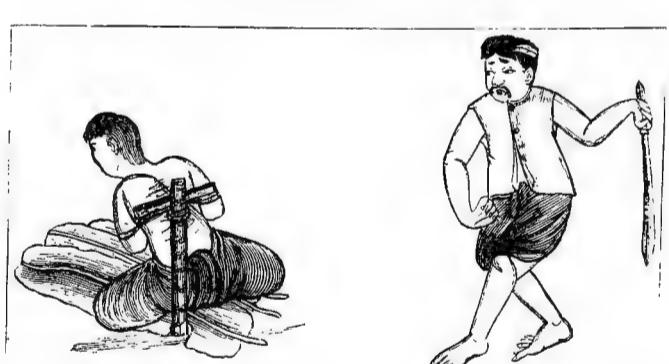
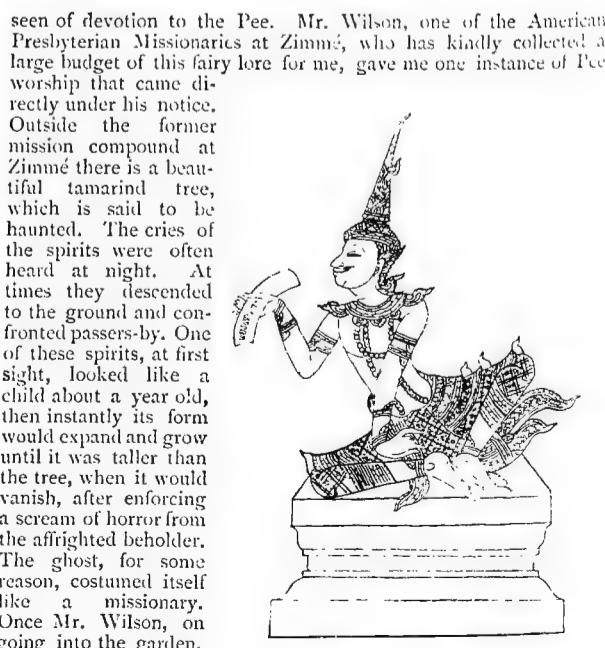
Although deer were plentiful throughout the country, we seldom had venison, as we had no time to hunt. Often deer crossed our path right in front of our elephants, a wild boar would rush through our encampment, and jungle fowl, quail, and hares were met with in our day's ride. Gibbons were nearly the only monkeys that we ever saw, but they were very numerous in the evergreen forests. Their cry is extremely plaintive, and has given rise to a legend that they are descended from a woman who lost her husband, and, becoming demented, wandered into the jungle, for ever crying "Foo-ah," which is the Shan word for husband.

Not only were fires lit for our dinners, but, owing to the numerous tigers, which were constantly on the prowl at night in the neighbourhood of our camps, often a dozen were kept burning all night long by the Kares, who had charge of the elephants from Illeboay to Muang Haut. The Shan drivers, who accompanied us on our other journeys, were not so fearful. No extra fires were lighted; and even those used for cooking they let die out, unless they were required for warmth. We sometimes heard of tigers attacking oxen in villages on both

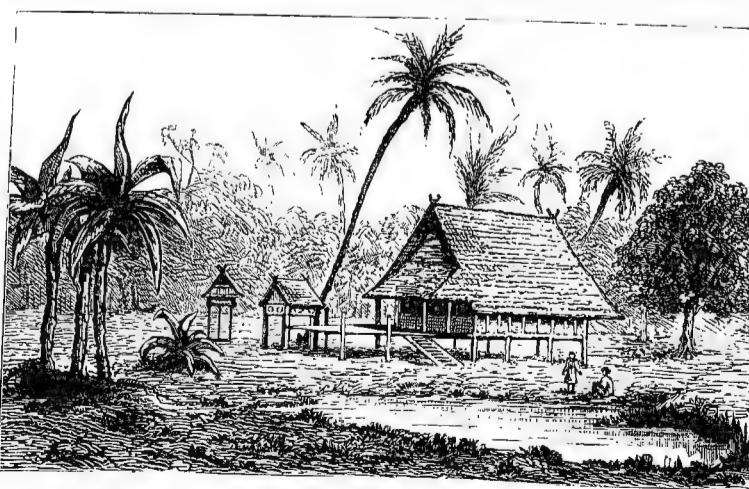
they had brought from Yunnan to carry back the purchases they were about to make in Maulmain. About two hours later, when we were thinking of turning in, we were startled to hear a succession of loud bangs from the direction the Chinamen had taken. We thought that they were being attacked, but our Shan interpreters quickly reassured us by placing joints of large green bamboos on our fires, which exploded with loud reports much resembling the sound of musketry. These Chinamen were subsequently met by Mr. Bryce, the head of the Bombay Burmese party, who purchased their animals from them.

Mr. Colquhoun has noted, in his most interesting work "Amongst the Shans," that Shamanism, or Nat worship, is not only the sole religion of most of the hill tribes in Indo-China, but has been absorbed into the worship of the followers of Buddha. "Nat" is the Burmese for the elf-folk, fairies, gnomes, and demons of our nursery lore. So real is the worship—or, rather, the belief in the power—of these beings that all good and evil that occurs to mankind is put down to their direct influence or action. Wherever one goes little doll-houses are found placed on small platforms of bamboo, with a few leaves, fruit, rice, flowers, or perhaps all together deposited in them, to keep the Nat, or Pee, in good temper. Their baneful influence is more feared than tigers, and every

precaution was taken at all our halting places to propitiate, appease, and ward them off. Mystic crosses of bamboo were stuck up at the paths leading to the camp, and, on sauntering round, many traces were

EXECUTION AT BANGKOK  
From a Native Drawing

ANCIENT KING



SHAN HOUSE NEAR ZIMME

drink water at the jungle streams, although warned not to do so, and accordingly, nearly without exception, incurred the penalty of attacks of fever or dysentery, which I am afraid may hang about them for years. My anxiety was constant, the more so that many parts of the country had the character of being malarious, and so

splints, which he was sticking into the ground for the support of a platform upon which the fowls, when roasted, were to be offered to the spirits. This was too much for the embodied missionary, who, much to their dismay, insisted upon their taking their offerings out of his compound. One peculiarity of the good and evil Pee is that they are ancestral spirits, who become good or evil spirits after the decease of the human form which they inhabited. If a king or other ruler or nobleman dies whilst passing through the forest, his spirit must, of necessity, haunt the place where he died. No merit-making can arise from procuring religious services over his corpse. The disembodied spirit wanders about in his desperation, and endeavours to cause the death of all who pass his way. If he succeeds the deceased's spirit has to become his companion and subject. Thus a clan with its chief is formed to entrap and kill all unwary passengers through the forest. No one dying in the forest has the privilege of returning home to join the household spirits, they are for ever destined to be Pee Pa, or evil spirits of the jungle. The ways they allure other travellers to their death, and consequent fate, are various.

They sometimes cause deep sleep to come upon weary people, and then cause tigers to kill them! At other times a seemingly human voice lures them to the tiger's lair; or the evil spirit enters the body of a pig, dog, or reptile, and leads them in pursuit to their destruction.

Some of them

have power over the atmosphere, and, bringing on sudden darkness, can force wayfarers to lie down in dangerous localities. Others breathe their malign influence over the sleepers, and causing their death, thus add to their companions, and therefore to their power to do hurt, year by year. The offerings to the various classes of jungle spirits differ according to the fancied disposition of the spirit. There are many other evil spirits besides those of the jungle, — for instance, the shadow spirit, who rises from the lower regions, and renders people prematurely old, ghouls, and headless spirits. The Pe Ka are

wizard spirits of horse form, who are reinforced by the deaths of beggars and very poor people, whose spirits were so disgusted with those that refused them aid in food and shelter that they resolved to return and haunt their stingy and hard-hearted neighbours. They are said to have applied to Phya Wet Soo Wan, the king of the good and evil spirits in this world, to be allowed the privilege of assuming all shapes, but he refused to allow them to take any other form than that of the horse. These spirits run past peoples' doors and frighten them with the clatter of horses' feet. Should any one rave in delirium they are supposed to have seen a Pee Ka. The spirit lore of Indo-China is a most fascinating study; Buddhism, Brahmanism, Shamanism, and ancestral worship, together with that of genii, are all mixed up in the worship of the people, and add to the romances and legends of the country an indescribable interest. Every hill, stream, rapid, cave, and precipice has its legend. Sometimes it is a battle between the Burmese and Shans, at others, a legend of the Lewahs, or Lu-as, who are allowed to be the aborigines of the Shan States and of Eastern British Burmah; sometimes of Lu-a kings and magicians; at others Buddhist stories, taken from the former existences of Buddha and applied to various localities; or a Hindoo fairy tale, resembling the Arabian Nights, but fervently believed by the people. All exist in this country.

Leaving the British guard-house on the 28th, we arrived the next day at the Shan guard-house at Meh Tha-wa, on the Thoungyeen river, which here forms our eastern frontier. Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Webster and their pretty little daughter, who were on their way to Zimmé by a different route than we intended taking. Mr. Webster is a Baptist missionary, whose work lies amongst the Karen. The success of his mission in converting the Karen and

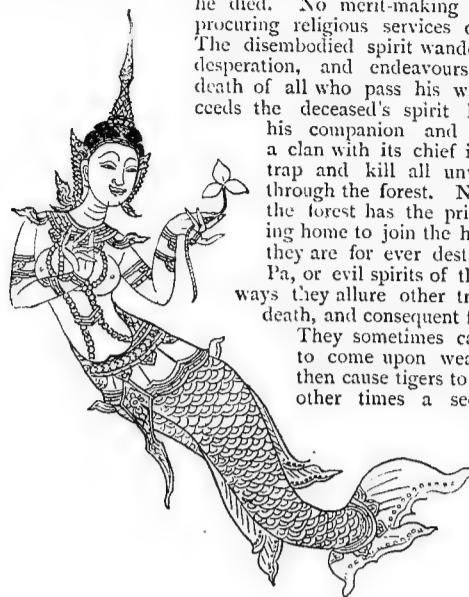
delay was chiefly caused by his not having greased the palm of the local magnate, who was putting him off with excuses, and endeavouring to force him to enhance the price he had offered, and knew was the proper one to give.

Leaving the guard the next day, we clambered over the hills and spurs in the usual crow-flight of the Karen, and descending into the valley of the Meh Nium, or Maingoongye river, reached Maingoongye on the 5th February. Here we put up at the house of one of our largest Burmese foresters, called Moung Hmoon Taw, who has worked the forests in the basin of the Meh Nium for many years. His garden was surrounded with a fine hedge of rose bushes about eight feet in height. In 1882, owing to the scarcity of the rainfall, Moung Hmoon Taw had been unable to float his timber out of the forests, and, therefore, was unable to repay the loans he had received from the Chetties, or native Indian bankers. Far from being alarmed at his position, he employed a solicitor to write to the bankers demanding a further loan, and saying that they were obstructing his business by refusing, and that unless he received it at once he could not repay them what they had already advanced. The bankers were, no doubt, compliant, as they could not well afford to lose the 200,000/- they had previously placed in his hands. Having procured a relay of elephants, and collected all the information I could get, I left the town on the 13th, and crossing by a route to the south of that taken by previous travellers, reached Meh Lyt Valley, and ascended the main range to the plateau upon which the Lu-a village of Baw-gye is situated. I learnt the names of no less than thirty-nine villages occupied by the Lu-as in the basin of the Maingoongye River, and of sixty-one other villages inhabited by Karen and Shans. Besides these there were many temporary villages occupied by Karen who cultivated tounya and moved their settlements every two or three years. There are said to be upwards of ten thousand such cultivators in the district, all of them very harmless and timid people. McLeod, in his journey through the Shan States in 1836-7, was not aware that the Lewahs, or Lu-as, whose villages we passed in the Meh Low Valley, were a totally distinct race from those he described at Baw. On comparing their language I found that it was perfectly distinct, and, on inquiry from the people, I learnt that they were a branch of the Lewahs, or Lu-as, who live to the north-west of Kiang Tung, and have the murderous custom of waylaying travellers and offering their heads to the Pee, so as to insure a bountiful harvest. Some of the same people, speaking a slightly different dialect, reside in villages between Kiang Hsi and Muang Hpan. The Baw Lu-as are scattered through the hills to the west of Zimmé, from about that latitude to the latitude of Bangkok. There are several of their villages on the western branch of the Meh Klong, about three or four days' journey above Karburri.

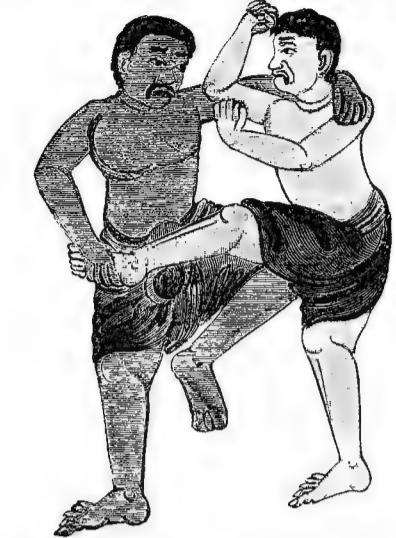
From Baw we descended the hills to Muang Haut, a town on the Meh Ping River, and, hiring boats, arrived at Zimmé on February

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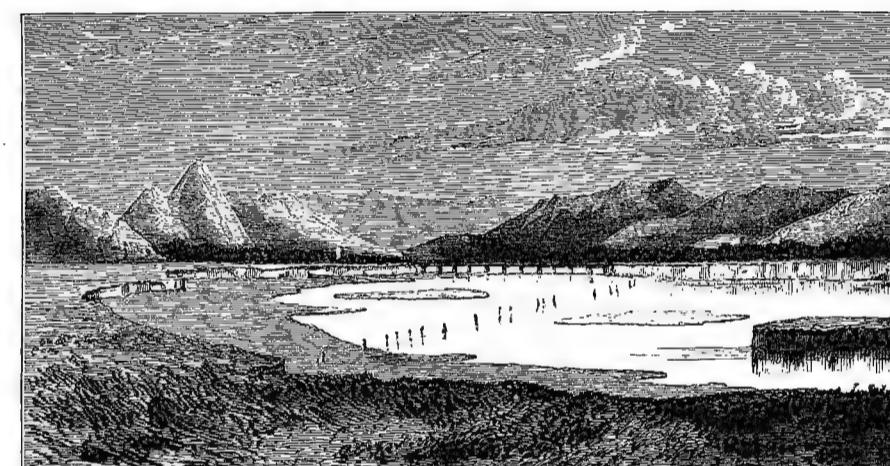
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A SHAN MERMAID



SIAMESE WRESTLERS  
From a Native Drawing



VIEW OF FORD OVER THE MEH KIOKE AT KIANG HSI

23rd. The scenery on the Meh Ping is very beautiful. Between Zimmé and Muang Haut the river generally hugs and twirls about the spurs to the westward that spring from the haunches of a magnificent round-topped hill called Loi Pah Kung, or the Cloud-Capped Mountain. This hill dominates the whole range; its summit must be about 10,000 feet above the sea. Another striking feature is the Hill of the Tiger Head, called so from the resemblance the precipice that forms its eastern face bears to its god-father. The banks of the river, for many miles below Zimmé, are fringed with villages; the

houses being imbedded and often hidden in gardens of palm, coco-nut, mango, tamarind, orange, and other trees. Further down stream the villages become less frequent, and are often screened from view by the plume-like bamboos that fringe the banks. The lights and shades on the foliage and the deep cave-like recesses between the clumps, together with their elegant and ever-varying form, crested at times by the crimson blossoms of the lepan, poukbin, and pin-leh-ke-thit trees gave the whole scene a charm that is passing description.

On arriving in Zimmé we were welcomed by the missionaries, and Dr. and Mrs. M'Gilvray insisted upon our enjoying their hospitality. What a change it was from our jungle life! A fine substantial teak-built, pleasantly furnished, shingled house, in a beautiful garden, where European roses were growing amidst the glorious flowers of the tropics, and the whole air was scented with the sweet blossoms of the pomelo

and orange trees. Then to have a nice white table-cloth and napkin once more under one's nose, and European food with American dainties, and dessert where fresh strawberries made their appearance, and violets were placed in glasses by our sides. I felt more inclined to gloat than to eat. Everything was so tasteful, and the fragrance of a well-cooked dinner

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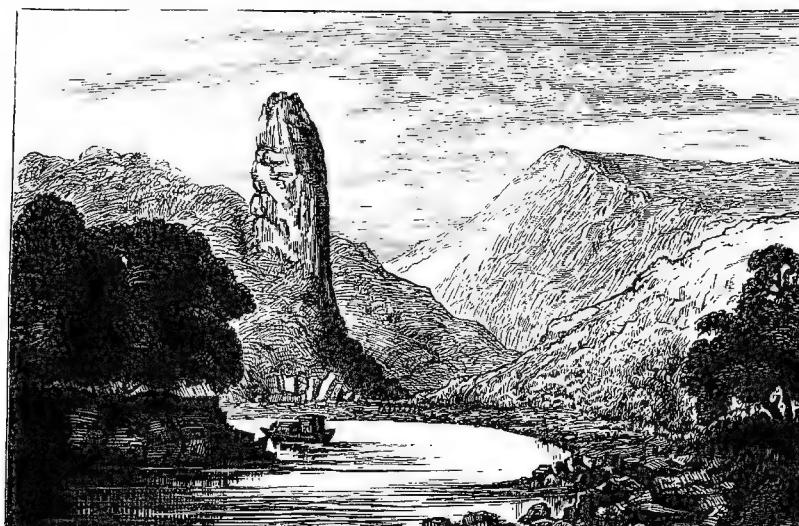
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allowed to resettle in certain places, amongst these are Muang Paow, Muang Ngai, Muang Pai, and Kiang Hsen. There was hardly a village of any size through which we passed that had not one or more houses unroofed, the people of the house having been ousted on this fearful charge. The Pa-pow plain is fast being brought under cultivation by these exiles; it is many miles in length and of considerable breadth.

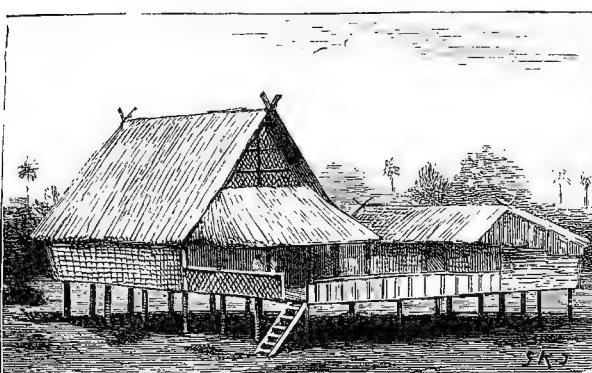
large. Many of these cities, however, may have been cities of refuge for the people of the districts in time of invasion, and only partly occupied in times of peace. The Kiang Hsen plain is perhaps the largest and most fertile in the Shan States. It extends for fully 150 miles from north to south, and is often many miles in breadth. Teak grows luxuriantly upon the low hills in its neighbourhood, and in the forests on the eastern side of the Meh Kong there are said to be extensive tracts covered by it. The city of Kiang Hsen was

the Meh Ping, with its cliffs at times overhanging the river thirty or forty feet, and nearly a mile in sheer precipitous height. The river leaves the hills at Ta Poo-ey, a ford about fourteen miles above the junction of the Meh Wung. I arrived at Bangkok on June 28, and a few days afterwards I was joined by Mr. Colquhoun himself. After seeing the King of Siam with me, Mr. Colquhoun, having been recalled by the *Times*, left with his secretary for the seat of war in China. I stayed behind collecting information, and visiting with Mr. Ernest Satow, our Minister at Bangkok, whose guest I was during my stay, the eastern portion of the Delta. Having fully



PILLAR ROCK IN THE GORGE OF THE MEH PING

After leaving the plain we continued along the route Captain M'Leod took in 1836, as far as Kiang Hai. Here we had to stay a day or two to procure a relay of elephants. At Kiang Hai we met for the first time Moosurs, called so by the Shans, but La-hoo by themselves. Their faces were of a decided oval, and their Turki aspect bespeaks them of similar type to the Mahomedans of Yunnan. The Moo-sur, or Mo-so, are a powerful tribe, who have been settled



SHIAN HOUSE AT KIANG HSEN

for centuries in the south-east corner of Thibet. I am not aware that any of these people have previously been met with by Europeans. Those that I conversed with at Kiang Hai had recently settled on the banks of the Meh Khoke some distance above the city. The high position that is allowed to woman amongst the Indo-Chinese was evidenced throughout my journey. Their power and acknowledged rights are well exemplified by the law of divorce amongst the Moo-sur. These people are monogamists. Either can divorce the other at will on payment to the divorced party of a sum of forty rupees. The woman takes the house, the daughters, two-thirds of the clothing, one-third of the money, and half of the goods. The sons, together with the remainder of the clothing, money, and goods, go to the man. The walls of Kiang Hai are about two miles long, and were rebuilt in 1842. There are three hundred houses in the city, and seventeen hundred in the neighbouring villages. Crossing the Meh Khoke by the ford, we followed the Kiang Hsen plain close up to the boundary that has been lately agreed upon between the Burmese Shans of Kiang Tung and the Siamese Shans of Kiang Hsen. Many large villages had already been built on each side of the border, and a considerable amount of land was already under cultivation. From Ban Meh Kee, a village of 230 houses, near the border, we turned eastward, and, passing the remains of the three ancient cities of Manola, proceeded to Kiang Hsen. On asking the Prince of Kiang Hsen whether there were any ancient ruined cities in his State, he at once said "No!"

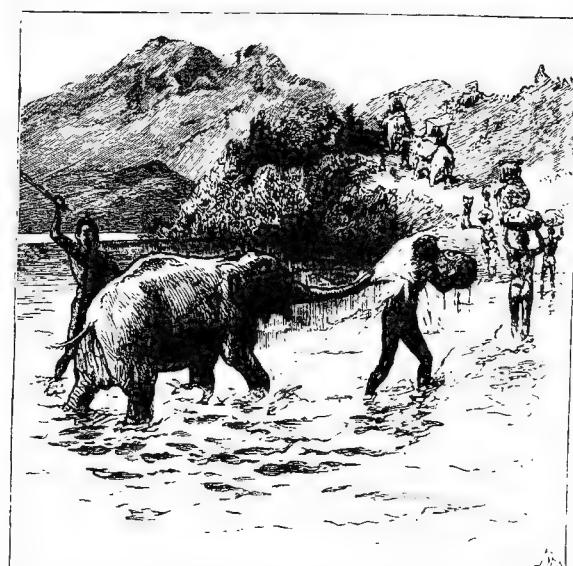
On our telling him that we had passed three at Manola, he said, "Oh, if you mean these places, the country is full of them!" The remains of the three cities of Manola, each about half a mile in diameter, consisted of a ditch dug round the bottom of knolls, and heaped up to form high parapets on either side; the top of the inner ramparts are about forty feet above the bottoms of the ditches, which are about a hundred feet wide. During my various journeys I passed through, or not far from, and learned the names of forty-eight such deserted cities. As some of these were upwards of two miles in width, the population of the country at one time must have been



THE MEH PING, NEAR ZIMMÉ

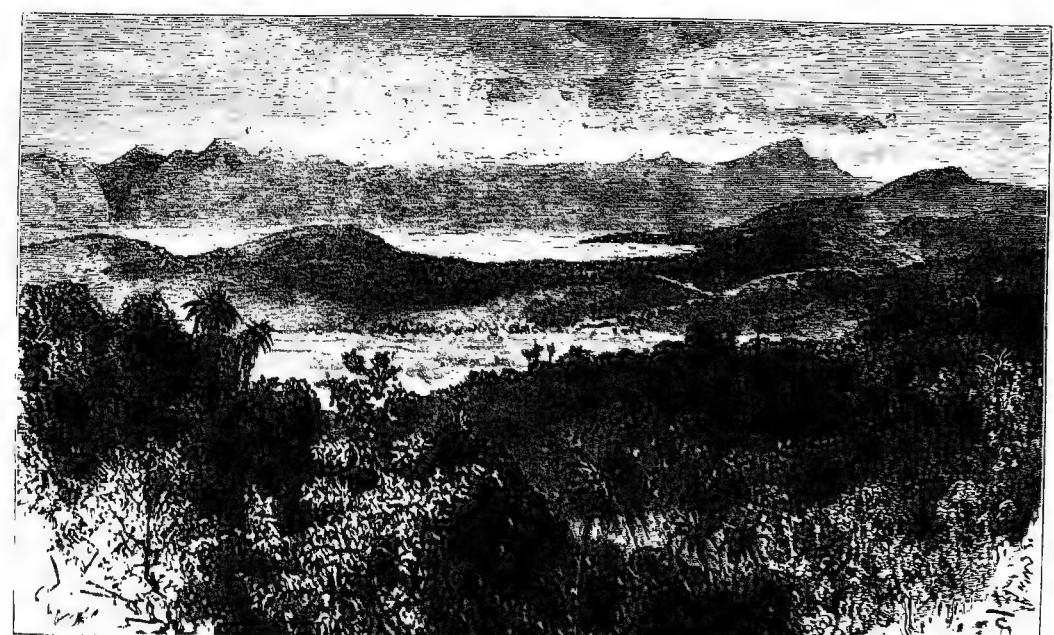
reoccupied in 1881, and is about 8,400 ft. long by 3,300 ft. broad. Its former wealth and population must have been great, as there were fifty-three monasteries within its walls, and many very valuable bronze images of Buddha are scattered about the enclosure. We met large bodies of emigrants proceeding to Kiang Hsen during our journey to Kiang Hai, and heard from the Prince of the place that 4,800 fighting men, with their families and slaves, had been told off from Zinné, Lakhon, Lapoon, or La-bong, and Peh, to settle in the plain about Kiang Hsen. Most of these are the descendants of the captives who were removed after its surrender in 1797. Teak grows wild in the city and on the high ground and hillocks in the neighbourhood, but had evidently only sprung up whilst the country was unoccupied. Magnificent teak trees six and seven feet in diameter were met with by us in the valleys of the feeders of the Meh Kong, and will form a most valuable export when the country is opened up by railways. The Zimmé Shans have reoccupied several of the old cities. The deserted walled town of Kiang Mee-ang, which lies about six miles to the north of Kiang Hsen, has lately had forty houses erected in it. Returning to Kiang Hai, we followed the Kiang Hsen plain from the basin of the Meh Low into that of the Meh Ing, and reached the town of Penyow, where small-pox was raging. Here we were detained for some days waiting for elephants. The city of Penyow contains 300 houses, and the villages in the district or Muang 4,800. It is a sub-principality of Lakhon. There are 800 houses in the sub-principality of Muang Ngow, which lies between Penyow and Lakhon. Leaving the town on the 28th of April, we crossed into the valley of the Meh Ngow, and from thence into that of the Meh Wung, on which the important town of Lakhon, which contains about ten thousand inhabitants, is situated. The day before we reached the town, small-pox broke out on Dr. Cushing, and we had to push on, as rapidly as we could, to Zimmé, where he could get medical attendance. Crossing the hills to Lapoon, we arrived at Zimmé on the 20th of April, six days after the commencement of the rains. Dr. Cushing's attack proved to be but a slight one; on recovering he returned with the two Shan interpreters via Bangkok to Rangoon. Finding that Dr. Cushing was out of danger, I left Zimmé on the 26th, with only my native followers, to settle the position of the sources of the Meh Wung, and took a tent with me as the rains had set in. Returning on the evening of the 4th of May I persuaded Dr. M'Gilvray to accompany me on a journey to settle the sources of the Meh Ping, and to Zig-Zag, across the several passes between that river and the affluents of

impressed the King and his brother, Prince Devawongse, with the importance and necessity of railway connection with British Burmah, I left Siam on the 23rd August, to meet Mr. Colquhoun at Foochow, and arrived there some days after the battle. We travelled about for some months, at times together, and at times separately, and



THE SMALL ELEPHANT'S FUN

I enjoyed every facility of studying, from different points of view, the aspect of affairs in China and Indo-China. I had long interviews with Sir George Bowen, Sir Harry Parkes, Sir Robert Hart, &c., and afterwards, on my way home, with Mr. Cecil Smith, the Acting Governor of the Straits Settlements, Mr. Bernard, the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, Lord Dufferin, &c. On reaching



VIEW ACROSS PLAIN FROM HILL NEAR KIANG HSEN

the Meh Kong. Mr. Martin, another missionary, offered to accompany us on the journey, and I am indebted to him for a copy of the journal he kept on that occasion. Space precludes me from describing the magnificent scenery through which we passed, and the beautiful plains of Dow, Ngai, Fang, Pow, and Ken that we visited. My two companions and all of our servants were suffering from fever towards the latter end of the journey, and I was glad to get them all safely back into Zimmé on the 27th of May. After stopping a week in the town I left for Bangkok. A day after passing Muang Haut, we entered the grand gorge of

the Meh Ping, with its cliffs at times overhanging the river thirty or forty feet, and nearly a mile in sheer precipitous height. The river leaves the hills at Ta Poo-ey, a ford about fourteen miles above the junction of the Meh Wung. I arrived at Bangkok on June 28, and a few days afterwards I was joined by Mr. Colquhoun himself. After seeing the King of Siam with me, Mr. Colquhoun, having been recalled by the *Times*, left with his secretary for the seat of war in China. I stayed behind collecting information, and visiting with Mr. Ernest Satow, our Minister at Bangkok, whose guest I was during my stay, the eastern portion of the Delta. Having fully

HOLT S. HALLETT

A MOO-SUR

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## CURLY: AN ACTOR'S STORY

RELATED BY JOHN COLEMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. DOLLMAN

In Six Weekly Parts — Part V.

## CHAPTER XII.

## OFF THE SCENT

IT SO HAPPENED on the night of Curly's *début* that there was produced at Covent Garden Theatre a new sensational drama, with a real waterfall, real elephants, and real horses.

At the Haymarket there was a new comedy, and as at that time critics were scarce and penny papers were not in being, the mere *début* of a provincial comedian in an old comedy escaped notice, and therefore there was no public mention of the scene recorded in the last chapter.

It remains to be explained why Flora sent the paper which had such disastrous results. Poor girl! She had meant it for a peace-offering, believing in her inmost heart that Curly would accept it as a release from a promise which she felt convinced had been as infamously extorted as it had been unwillingly given. She timed the arrival of the parcel to take place on the occasion of his opening in town, hoping, in the innocence of her heart, to lend additional significance to this token of her forgiveness.

She ordered all the London papers, expecting to see some notice of her lover's first appearance. There was not a line. She showed the papers to Jamieson, he was as disappointed as herself.

Disappointment gave way to astonishment when they found Curly's name withdrawn altogether from the advertisements. At this time

the electric wire was not in existence. Day succeeded day, yet there was no recognition of her communication—no letter for Willie! Weeks—months—passed. He wrote again, and yet again, in vain. His letters came back from the Dead Letter Office. His own troubles were as nothing now compared to his anxiety for Curly and Flora. He could not bear to contemplate her sufferings. To-day she was in a fever, to-morrow in an ague; one moment chafing with impatience, the next freezing with the apathy of despair. All at once it occurred to him to write direct to the manager of Drury Lane. The post in those days took a long time 'twixt London and Edinburgh, and a fortnight or more elapsed before he received a reply. It was sympathetic but brief, and related in as few words as possible the tragic story told in the last chapter.

It appears that there were two or three eminent medical men in the theatre, who came behind the scenes, and held a hurried consultation. There was no doubt as to Curly's condition. It was dangerous to himself and others for him to remain at large. A certificate to this effect was then and there prepared, and duly attested. Three or four men were detailed to mount guard over him in his dressing-room until the morrow. Early in the day the manager, with the accustomed generosity of his class, arranged with the proprietor of a famous private lunatic asylum at Kew to take charge of the poor creature for three months, paying the sum stipulated in advance.

At nightfall the keepers came to take him away. When they arrived at Kew the doctor diagnosed the case, and had his wretched patient removed to the dangerous ward, where after a time the ravings of despair gave place to blank oblivion.

Jamieson's difficulty was to break the matter to Flora, but there was no help for it.

She bore the intelligence better than he expected—anything was better than silence and uncertainty. She even found some shadow of consolation in the news. She knew, at any rate, that the silence of her lover was not occasioned by perfidy or neglect. When Willie had finished reading the manager's letter she said abruptly:

"I am going to London to-morrow."

"Alone?" he inquired.

"No; Jeannie will accompany me."

"If you could only wait a few days I might get leave of absence to go with you," he said.

"You are very good," she replied; "but my place is by his side. I cannot wait a day—an hour. My God! my God!" she cried, "why can't I fly straight to him at once? There! there! I know I am only mad!"

On the morrow Jamieson was at the coach office to see her off. She looked more hopeful than she had done for many a day, and as the coach was about to start she even smiled, and said:

"Don't look so sad, be sure I shall bring him back with me."

"Heaven grant you may," he replied, and so they parted.

Upon her arrival in town she took up her quarters at the Bedford Hotel. An hour afterwards, accompanied by her faithful Jeannie, she was on her way to the Asylum at Kew. Up on explaining her business the doctor was most affable, but regretted he could be of no service, her friend having left his charge a week ago.

The news stunned her, she staggered, and must have fallen had not Jeannie caught her in her arms. The doctor assisted her to a seat, and forced a glass of wine upon her. Gradually she began to recover, then she overwhelmed him with questions. She could only, however, elicit that his patient had ceased to be violent, and that there was no occasion for further restraint, that he was merely melancholy and moping, and that his health and appetite had returned. Then, referring to his note-book, he said:

"Yes, my contract was only for three months, and that expired a fortnight ago. I gave a week's grace, expecting to hear further from Mr. C. (the manager), and then, of course, I had done with the matter. Let me see, the patient left this establishment at nine o'clock in the morning, exactly eight days ago. Do I know where he went? Certainly not, he did not take me into his confidence. So sorry—will you excuse me? Good morning."

Hopeless and despairing Flora returned to town. Next day she called at Drury Lane, and endeavoured to see Mr. C. Alas! he had left town, was in Paris, and would not be back until the winter.

She had never been in London before, and oh, what a wilderness it is to be alone in!

Fortunately she had Jeannie with her, whose attachment was more devoted and profound than ever. Besides, she had money, and with money one can do much. She called the manageress of a hotel to her assistance. The old lady was very sympathetic, and suggested the employment of a detective. Flora assented, and in half-an-hour's time a bright, intelligent man, who looked more like detective than a policeman in plain clothes, presented himself. Upon explaining her business the detective took a hopeful view of the subject, especially when *carte blanche* was allowed him as to expenses.

He commenced operations by going down to Kew, where he had a long interview with the doctor, from whom he could gain no information beyond what Flora had already obtained. He, however, took notes of everything, and obtained a fairly accurate description of Curly's personal appearance, the clothes he wore, &c., before he returned to town. All this he duly reported at the Bedford.

Day after day, however, was barren of results. As for Flora, she sat daily for hours and hours

and watched and waited, then she could endure inactivity no longer. Up she would start, and call out:

"Come, Jeannie, lass, let's be moving, or I shall go mad!" and the two forlorn women would tramp down the Strand, Fleet Street, and up Ludgate Hill and Cheapside, and so on to the Mansion House. Then down Holborn, through Middle Row, by St. Giles's Church, into Oxford Street, then to Regent Street, Leicester Square, and St. Martin's Lane, always ending amongst the flowers in Covent Garden—the sweet, fresh flowers which seemed to breathe something of the odours of the far North, where she had first met him! As for food, she scarce looked at it. To be just to Jeannie, however, she conscientiously endeavoured to make amends for the shortcomings of her mistress. At night to bed, but not to rest, not to sleep—her heart was far away, out in the cold with the poor outcast.

Thus passed away a fortnight, and another, and yet another—still no sign. Then the detective thought of what he should have thought of before, and, indeed, it was strange the idea had not occurred either to her or to Willie, although she was in constant communication with him. Better late than never, so advertisements appeared daily in all the London newspapers.

In vain, in vain! It was too late!

Jeannie's heart sank within her as she saw the awful change which was taking place daily and hourly before her very eyes. Once or twice she ventured to hint the propriety of returning home, but was met with a curt and stern rebuff.

At last it occurred to her that Jamieson had considerable influence with her mistress, so she wrote him in her homely fashion, acquainting him with the state of affairs; and, to Flora's astonishment, one morning he walked into her room at the hotel.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Jamieson! What has brought you here?"

The change in her was so great that for a moment the young man was dazed. He recovered himself, however, rapidly, and replied, "I've come to take you home."

His stronger nature asserted itself and would not be denied, so, after interviewing the detective, and arranging with him to communicate with them in the event of his obtaining any information, they decided to leave London on the morrow. Perhaps she was glad to have some one to lean upon, to be near some one who knew and loved the man she loved. Perhaps, too, she felt the shadow darkling perhaps; who knows?

As the mail rattled through Birmingham that night it passed within a stone's throw of a pauper lunatic asylum, where a worn and wasted man lay, making one continual moan,—

"Oh, my love! My lost love! If you only knew—if you only knew!"

Could the inmates of that coach have heard that piteous prayer even then it might not have been too late! Alas!

## CHAPTER XIII.

## WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE

WHEN they got back to Edinburgh Flora rallied a little, but she had a presentiment that the end was near, and she wished to close her eyes there where they had first seen the light, so after a rest of a few months she prepared to return home.

The season being over in Edinburgh, Jamieson arranged to play a short engagement in Aberdeen, and they journeyed North together.

Her relations having all espoused her father's views on the subject of her connection with Curly, a total estrangement had ensued between them.

Except the family doctor and Jeannie and Willie she had not a friend in the world. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that she urged the latter to occupy her father's rooms during his visit. Considerations of decorum induced him to pause, but when Jeannie added her entreaties to those of her mistress, and when Dr. Miller assured him that it was absolutely necessary that some one in whom she could confide should be always near her, why he snapped his fingers at "Mrs. Grundy," and took up his abode at Gairloch House.

From the first Flora did not deceive herself, so one day while Jamieson was at rehearsal she sent for Mr. McCrawley Gittins, the family solicitor, and made her will.

This gentleman demurred in carrying out her instructions, but she was peremptory, and there was nothing for it but to obey. The will was executed, and attested by the gardener and coachman. Then she gave the document to the doctor (whom she had constituted one of her trustees) for security. The lawyer did not look over-pleased, and took his departure somewhat abruptly.

At length Jamieson's engagement was over, and he was enabled to devote more time and attention to the invalid. Every day about noon she usually tottered into the room, supported by Jeannie, then he would assist her to the sofa placed outside the drawing-room, in the garden overlooking the sea, where they would sit for hours together reading or talking of her lost love. She never believed that he was dead.

At length came the time when she could no longer leave her room. Willie became more and more anxious, and never left the house. Every now and then Jeannie reported that the invalid was sleeping, or, perhaps, that she was reading Curly's letters, or weeping over his portrait.

As Jamieson's anxiety increased he would lie awake half the night reading.

One night, especially, he had a presentiment of evil, which kept him awake till daybreak. He read, or tried to read, far into the morning, until it was fair daylight—indeed, almost time for him to get up. At last he fell off into a stupor of sleep. He had barely slept half-an-hour when Jeannie came to his bedside and touched him on the shoulder. In a moment he was awake. "Come," she said. He looked at her pale face and knew what she meant. The time had come. He remembered long after that it was the twelfth of May—the second anniversary of the fatal day at the Ferry. When he entered Flora's chamber the large French windows were open wide, the sweet smell of the flowers, the fresh breath of the sea, the rippling of the waters washing the shore below at the foot of the garden, the bud, the leaf, the flower, and the young day leaping into life, the joyous carol of the lark ascending to the gates of Heaven, God's glorious sunshine filling the room—all these made it seem as if death could never come where all this busy beauteous life abounded.

There she lay, in the light of the dawning day, decked as if for a bridal.

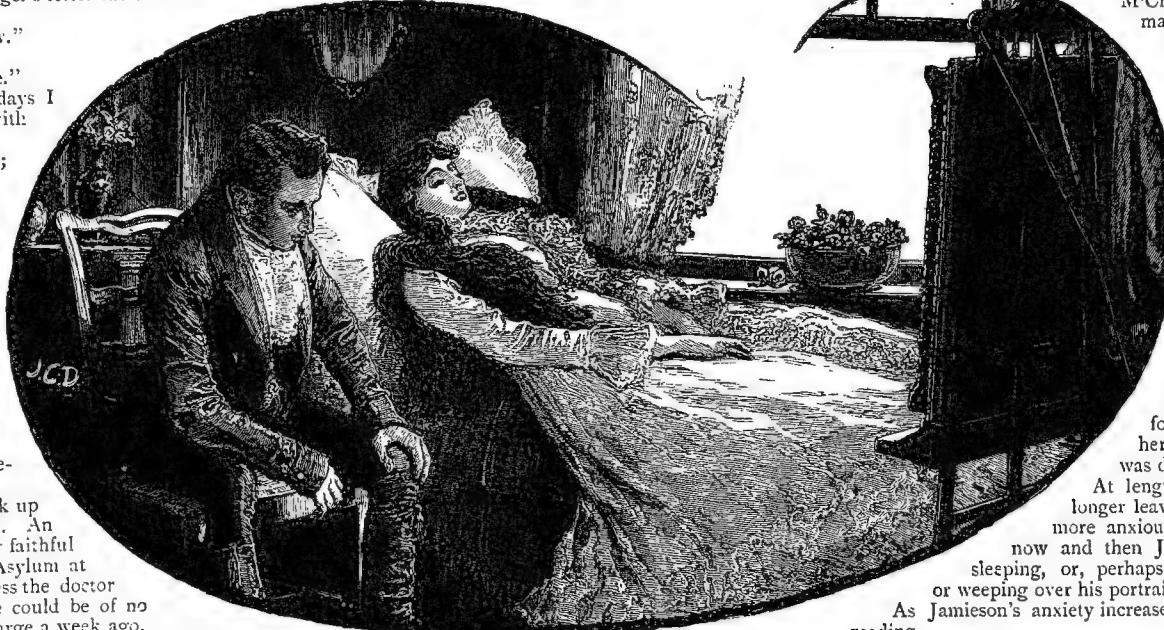
She was clad in a white lace *peignoir*—flowers still fresh with the morning dew were around her and about her, the greyness and the gloom had gone, the bloom of youth had returned to her cheeks, her eyes glistened with a humid, tender light—the sea breeze toyed softly with her beautiful hair as it fell in tangled masses on her shoulders.

To the left of the bed stood Curly's portrait, long since finished. The poor lad was attired in his cornet's uniform—the dress he had worn the night when they first met at the ball.

She was smiling upon the picture, and Jamieson thought that the picture was smiling upon her. Soft as his footfall fell, she heard it. Turning towards him, she spoke in a low, soft voice. The words and the melody dwelt in his memory as long as he lived.

"Willie," she said—she had never called him by that name before—"may I call you so?" The tears which he strove to keep back, choked him, and he could only bow his head in silence. She took his huge hand in her baby fingers, as she continued,

"You were always his friend—always, and you have been very good to me. When all this is lat-



a memory I hope you'll meet some woman worthy of you, and if children should come to bless your home, call them after him—after him and—me." Then she kissed his hand.

After a pause, she inquired, "Do you remember what day this is?"

Again he bowed his head, while she continued in the same sweet, gentle voice,

"This day, two years ago, they killed our young lives, but they could never kill our love—that will live when we are dead! Hush! you are a man—a brave one. Don't cry for me, dear—I am happy now. He will come back to you some day—I'm sure he will. Tell him I loved him always—tell him I have waited for him here as long as I could, now I shall wait for him there! My poor Curly!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### MAN TO MAN

THE relations came down like a horde of locusts at the funeral. They were all Presbyterians and Flora was a Roman Catholic, so they left the *coffle* at the gate of the burial ground. The chief mourners were the doctor, Jeannie, and Willie.

When they approached the grave, there stood beside it a gigantic man whom Willie instantly recognised from Elspeth M'Diarmid's

with his gun and his dog, a pretty black pointer. As the two men approached each other the dog came bounding forward, and licked Janieson's hand. The laird pulled himself up stiffly, and growled out, "Now then, what do you want?"

"I want you, Dan'l Deempster. Do you know me?"

"Oh, aye, I ken you well enough. You're the play-actor fellow that was at the funeral the other day; but you're no' in the kirkyard the noo, you're trespassing on my grounds, so you'd better make yourself scarce."

"Not till I have settled my account with you."

"Me? Is the fellow mad?"

"Take care that you keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Deempster, or it will be the worse for you. I've waited for this two years or more, but now the time has come."

"Well, now that it has come, once more I ask, What do you want with me?"

"I want to tell you that when you gave Donald Campbell that foul blow, out below the hill by Dudhope Ferry, you murdered two lives, and because the law can take no cognizance of your crime you think you can escape with impunity!"

"Impunity!" roared Deempster; "is it impunity to have that baby-faced block-

are well introduced; but the value of the work chiefly lies in its pure and luminous tone and the excellent draughtsmanship of the incoming waves. Mr. Hook's feeling for natural beauty and unerring sense of colour are also seen in an inland landscape representing picturesque farm-buildings, well-grouped human figures and cattle, and a rapidly-running "Stream" in the foreground.

Mr. J. Brett's large view from one of the Channel Islands, "The Norman Archipelago," is more remarkable for the beauty of its individual parts than for its comprehensive truth. All the details of the rocky promontory in the foreground are delineated with extreme fidelity and skill, but there is no appearance of intervening atmosphere between it and the distant islands. In Mr. Colin Hunter's "The Rapids of Niagara, Above the Falls," the headlong fury of the whirling water is very forcibly rendered; but the interest of the picture is quite out of proportion to the enormous space it occupies. Mr. H. Moore's "The Newhaven Packet" is a large picture consisting of little else than stormy sky and moving sea, the steamer and a schooner scudding before the wind being very near the horizon. In a picture of considerable size, "Storm and Sunshine," occupying a much worse place than its merits entitle it to, Mr. W. L. Wyllie has succeeded in giving a vivid impression of a very transnatural effect. It represents an dismantled man-of-war surrounded by barges during a storm of hail and wind. The appearance of movement in water and barges, and the fitful gleam of sunshine on the ship's side, are forcibly, and we think truthfully, rendered. In another vigorously-painted picture by the artist, "Debateable Ground," sea-gulls and an infinite number of crows are seen fighting for the possession of a piece of waste land by a broad river's side, deeply covered by snow.

It is rather surprising to find that one of the very best female portraits in the gallery is by Mr. Hubert Herkomer. His name has been associated with strength rather than refinement of style; but his three-quarter length of "Miss Katherine Grant," sitting in a white dress against a nearly white wall, is remarkable above all things for its air of distinction and simple grace. It is painted with well-restrained power and artistic completeness. There is not a trace of the coarseness of handling we have noticed in some of his recent productions, and from which the half-length of "The Earl of Duce," in the present collection, is by no means free. Besides these, Mr. Herkomer sends a large and impressive mountainous landscape with small figures, "Found"; and a very gloomy, and, unfortunately, faithful picture of one phase of English rural life, entitled "Hard Times, 1885." The workman leaning on a gate in a country road, and his weary wife and half-starved children sitting on the ground, have a convincing appearance of reality. In "The First Prince of Wales," Mr. P. R. Morris has depicted an historical incident that has been the theme of many pictures. The figure of King Edward I, who, standing at the gate of Caernarvon Castle with the infant lying in the hollow of his shield, calls upon the Welsh to give him their allegiance, is not without dignity, and the handling is more firm and solid than is customary with the painter. A smaller picture by Mr. Briton Rivière than those already mentioned, "After Naseby," represents a lady overwhelmed with grief at the news she has just received. Her face is not seen, but the action of the figure is thoroughly spontaneous. The two sympathising spaniels are of course excellent. There is much excellent work in Mr. F. W. Topham's spectacular picture, "The Queen of the Tournament," but the subject is not in keeping, and it is on an unnecessary large scale. We have seen nothing by Mr. E. Blair Leighton so good as his picture of a very old man in his last moments whispering into the ear of a monk, "Secrets." The feverish earnestness of the dying man and the mingled horror and astonishment of his listener are forcibly given.

The picture of "The Marriage of H. R. II, the Duke of Albany," painted for the Queen by Mr. J. D. Linton, is as satisfactory as any work of an official or ceremonial kind that has been produced in modern times, and in some qualities better. The formality of the composition and the conflicting lights are to be attributed to the necessity of adhering to actual fact. Mr. Linton has depicted the scene precisely as it appeared, and at the same time with great artistic skill. The prevailing colour is agreeable, and the workmanship throughout of the finest kind. Every head is not only a faithful likeness, but modelled with extraordinary completeness. As it contains portraits of all the members of the Royal Family, of some foreign princes, and of several ecclesiastical and other dignitaries, the picture has historical value apart from its merits as a work of art. Mr. A. Gow's "Absolution for the Lost at Sea: Notre Dame d'Afrique, Algiers," represents a religious function on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea by twilight. The priests, acolytes, the pious fishermen kneeling behind, and the women are well grouped, and the scene as a whole is impressive. It may be remarked that while the red robes of the acolytes are whirled about by the strong wind the candles that they carry remain alight. Of Mr. J. Pettie's two pictures realising scenes in *The School for Scandal*, that in which "Charles Surface Sells His Ancestors" strikes us as the better. The scene is animated, and the characters nicely discriminated. The undemonstrative pleasure of Sir Oliver on hearing that his graceless nephew refuses to sell his portrait is expressed with subtle skill. Sir Peter, in the second work, is an excellent piece of character painting, but the figure of Lady Teazle might well be more graceful and her face more expressive. Both pictures are rich in colour, and painted with firm precision and dexterity of touch. Another work by Mr. Pettie, who is more than usually strong this year, is a life-like and very artistically treated three-quarter length portrait of "Bret Harte, Esq."

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE immature efforts of a young man do not call for any great measure of blame, especially when they are introduced to the public by so modest a preface, as is the case with "Lochow, and Other Offerings in Verse," by Alfred Henry Bell (Cape Town: Saul Solomon). The little volume is probably intended chiefly for private circulation, and doubtless will give as much pleasure to the author's friends as he has himself, evidently, derived from it. Beyond this we cannot go. Perhaps the most satisfactory piece is that which names the collection—a fairly successful attempt at a ballad on a Highland story.

"Selected Poems from Michelangelo Buonarroti, with Translations from Various Sources," edited by Ednah D. Cheney (Boston, U.S.: Lee and Shepard), is a fairly well-executed work, which may by some be thought to be one of supererogation, considering Mr. Symonds's labours. The introductory essay is good on the whole, as are the notes, though we fail to see what there is unpleasant in the epithet "lacerated," as employed in Sonnet 73—most would consider it peculiarly suited to the thought to be expressed.

It is possible, nay probable, that to the general reader there will

description. There was no mistake about the "corbie's beak and the evil een," now blood-shot and inflamed. The very sight of this loathsome creature set Jamieson's blood on fire, and he had the greatest difficulty in restraining himself from taking the law into his own hands there and then. A huge white horse, a vicious-looking beast, with a tremendous Roman nose, stood tied up without the gate, champing fretfully at the bit. As soon as the coffin was lowered, with an impatient gesture, Deempster turned away, leaped on the horse, gave him the spur, and was out of sight in a moment.

"After all," muttered Willie, between his teeth, "it is best it should be so. I can wait, I can wait!"

On returning to Gairloch House after the funeral he and the doctor found the relatives in solemn conclave in the dining-room, and paying their respects to the "funeral baked meats."

The general buzz of conversation ceased as Jamieson entered. Without ceremony Dr. Miller proceeded to read the will. With the exception of certain legacies, such as five hundred pounds to the doctor's daughter, five hundred pounds to the lawyer, two hundred a year to Jeannie, and various smaller sums to the servants, the whole of the estate, real and personal, moneys invested in stock, &c., amounting in the aggregate to something like twelve thousand pounds a year, was bequeathed to Jamieson in trust for Curly (if he should be alive), failing this Willie was to inherit everything absolutely, without let, hindrance, or control, being constituted residuary legatee and joint executor with Dr. Miller.

When the will was read a dead silence ensued.

Evidently the family circle had been already prepared for this intelligence, and their plan of action had been arranged. Every one turned round and looked at the lawyer, who rose, and clearing his throat with a glass of sherry, said :

"Ahem, my friends, I am already acquainted with your views, and it only remains for me to carry out my instructions. Ahem! Dr. Miller, I beg to inform you and yonder young man that my clients here assembled will resist to the uttermost the carrying out of this will, and, in fact, legal proceedings have this day been commenced, praying the Court not to grant probate on the grounds of insanity on the part of the testatrix and undue influence on the part of the residuary legatee. Acting under advice, the seal of the Procurator-Fiscal has been placed upon all documents, valuables, &c., belonging to the estate, and as we are *de facto* in possession (which, as you are doubtless aware, is nine points of the law) on behalf of the next-of-kin, nothing remains for me but to request the so-called executors and the woman Jeannie M'Pherson to quit this house with as little delay as possible. As we do not wish to behave ungenerously, we will allow you half-an-hour to clear out. We have left nothing to accident, and the police are here should it be found necessary to have recourse to them in aid of the process of ejection."

Here was a deadlock. The doctor and Jamieson took stock of the situation, found the enemy held every card except the will, and, desirous of avoiding scandal, left the house immediately without a word. Not so poor Jeannie, she gave the enemy a hot time of it, but in the end even she had to succumb to the rough logic of facts.

Jamieson accompanied the doctor to his solicitor, and gave instructions for the defence of their rights under the will, and so commenced the litigation in the famous case of "Jamieson and Miller v. M'Allister and Others."

Fortunately for Jeannie, the doctor, who was a widower, wanted a housekeeper to look after his daughter Maggie, and he installed Jeannie at once.

Jamieson had an engagement offered him for Glasgow, and there was nothing to detain him further, except to "have it out" with Mr. Deempster.

Strathmiles is about six miles from Aberdeen, but that was nothing to Willie, so he walked over one fine morning after breakfast. On arriving at the lodge he inquired if the laird was about? The lodge-keeper replied, "He is gone out to have a wee bit rabbit shooting. You'll find him in the glen yonder, about a mile and a bitock awa'."

A mile and a bitock means two good English miles or more. Still it was all in the day's walk. At length Willie reached the glen. As he entered at one end Deempster appeared at the other,

with his gun and his dog, a pretty black pointer. As the two men approached each other the dog came bounding forward, and licked Janieson's hand. The laird pulled himself up stiffly, and growled out, "Now then, what do you want?"

"I want you, Dan'l Deempster. Do you know me?"

"Oh, aye, I ken you well enough. You're the play-actor fellow that was at the funeral the other day; but you're no' in the kirkyard the noo, you're trespassing on my grounds, so you'd better make yourself scarce."

"Not till I have settled my account with you."

"Me? Is the fellow mad?"

"Take care that you keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Deempster, or it will be the worse for you. I've waited for this two years or more, but now the time has come."

"Well, now that it has come, once more I ask, What do you want with me?"

"I want to tell you that when you gave Donald Campbell that foul blow, out below the hill by Dudhope Ferry, you murdered two lives, and because the law can take no cognizance of your crime you think you can escape with impunity!"

"Impunity!" roared Deempster; "is it impunity to have that baby-faced block-

head, with his great glittering eyes, his white face, and fair hair streaked with blood, standing by my bed and board by day and night! But there—Clear out, or I'll riddle your hide with buckshot! You won't? Then, by—" and with the word he lifted his gun, and let fly at Willie.

Fortunately his eye was quicker than the other's hand, and he cast himself full length on the grass as the charge flew harmlessly over him. The next instant he was at his would-be assassin's throat, had snatched the rifle from him, smashed the stock and barrel over his knee, and hurled it a hundred paces away.

The pointer stood still and trembled.

Then the tragedian said, in a stern, quiet voice, "I don't wish to have blood on my soul—not even the blood of such a skunk as you are. But I am going to thrash you as long as I can stand over you. So put up your hands, and don't let me take you at a disadvantage."

"You take me at a disadvantage—you?"

"Don't talk, but put up your hands, I tell you."

And the two men went at it hammer and tongs. Deempster had met his match for the first time in his life, and in a quarter of an hour he lay on his back, beaten within an inch of his life.

The poor little pointer perceived "a divided duty," he came and snarled at the victor if going to bite him, then apparently he altered his mind, and licked his hand. After that he went over to his master, and licked the beaten giant's face.

Without another word Jamieson turned his back, and strode over to the lodge. When he got there he said to the woman, "Your master has been badly beaten, and wants assistance. You will find him lying in the glen out yonder."

Then he walked back to Aberdeen, muttering, "My poor friend! That's one slight instalment on your account anyhow."

(To be continued)

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY

##### III.

IN choosing to illustrate, on a large scale, the story of the "Martyrdom of St. Eulalia," as told by Prudentius, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has not been felicitously inspired. The subject is rather repelling, and it offers little scope for the display of the especial qualities that rendered his last year's picture so attractive. The figure of the martyred maiden, lying with her head towards the spectator, is extremely well foreshortened, and the pigeons of various kinds fluttering about her feet are exquisitely painted. The most interesting part of the picture, however, is the animated group of men, women, and children in the background, who regard with astonishment and superstition the falling snow, evidently a much rarer phenomenon in their eyes than a human body carelessly thrown upon the ground. Although it clearly shows the influence of Mr. Alma-Tadema, there is a good deal of freshness and originality in Mr. J. R. Weguelin's pleasant picture of antique life, "The Swing Feast." By way of expiating the death of Egone, who hung herself, and at the same time with great satisfaction to themselves, two vivacious Athenian maidens are swinging themselves from the branches of tall trees. The sense of movement is well conveyed, and great skill is shown in the rendering of the textures and surfaces of the rich draperies and many-coloured marbles. Mr. Albert Moore's graceful nude figure, "White Hydrangea," is identical in design with his smaller drawing at the Royal Water-Colour Society's Gallery; but not so agreeable in colour. Mr. H. T. Schaefer's pseudo-classical picture, "Fame," is conventional in treatment; but the composition is good, and the girl, who stands watching a man chiselling an inscription on the pedestal of a statue, gracefully designed.

Hitherto in Mr. Hook's pictures the sky, though always in good keeping as regards colour with the other features of the scene, has held a subordinate place. In his large "The Close of Day" he has, however, depicted a golden summer sunset in a way that since Turner's time has not been surpassed. The delicate gradations of colour in sea and sky and the pervading glow of suffused light are equally beautiful and true. Of his two other sea-coast pictures, that called "After Dinner Rest Awhile" seems to us the finer. The party of cormorants enjoying their post-prandial repose on the water-worn rocks in the foreground



appear much that is unintelligible in "The Triumph of Life: A Mystical Poem," by Ella Dietz (E. W. Allen), but to students of sacred philosophy, and to the *illuminati* generally, the sublime thought so musically conveyed therein will endear it, as much as will its tender and graceful love songs to all who can appreciate amatory poetry of a high class, free from eroticism. On first glancing through the book we perceived whence was derived its special inspiration, by the appended quotations from the Talmud, from Jacob Behmen, from Molinos, and other less celebrated writers; and Miss Dietz has nobly carried out her scheme, in verse which should not be suffered to perish. We have been particularly struck by those pieces in which is expressed that aspiration after national restoration which comes so fitly from a harp of Judah, and these have the advantage of appealing to a wider, if less subtle, sympathy than the more mystical portions of the work; take as examples, "The Prayer of Elijah"—in which the hidden light glows vividly through the veil of words; "A Battle Call"—especially the stanzas at page 189; and that most haunting poem, "Easter Dawn." To those who seek for graceful love songs of the first order we would recommend, amongst others, "My Lady's Bower," "Unexpressed," and "Love and Death" (page 317). For the poems dealing with more exalted matters we can but refer the reader to the volume itself,—merely remarking that a public which can, or professes to, understand the inner meaning of "John Inglesant," ought to experience no difficulty in Miss Dietz's utterances.

NOTE.—In our review last week of "Thoughts and Remembrance," by Emily Leith, the word "drunks" was accidentally omitted in the following quotation:—

Which, like a thirsty plant drinks in the dew.



"TRAJAN: The History of a Sentimental Young Man, with Some Episodes in the Comedy of Many Lives' Errors," by Henry F. Keenan (1 vol.: Cassell and Co.), is the first work of fiction that has dealt competently and adequately with the history of the fall of the Second French Empire and the reign of the Commune. Mr. Keenan has gone to work in the right way, and, while making his fictitious characters actors in the greater drama, and personally affected thereby, has in no wise followed the commoner method of using great events solely as convenient instruments for bringing about necessary incidents in otherwise uninteresting lives. He has made the small fit into its place in the large, instead of cutting down the large to fit the small. Moreover his historical portion of his novel is accurate while it is picturesque, and contains a remarkable number of anecdotes connected with leading persons and incidents, all new, and all very likely to be true. The most striking portions are the narrative of the escape of the Empress, and of the horrors of the Commune. The catalogue of actual characters included among the *dramatis personæ* would be long to enumerate. Bismarck, the Empress, Jules Favre, Gambetta, Roesel, Pietri, and even Dr. Busch, are introduced with all the license of an American interviewer. In most cases, Mr. Keenan's judgment is sound, when not over-biased by anti-Prussian sympathies, the German Emperor and his great Chancellor faring badly at his hands. On the other hand, Napoleon III. fares worse: so that the balance is kept pretty even on the whole. Nor does he do justice to the discipline which made the behaviour of the German Army in a conquered country a matter for admiration. We wish it were possible to give half as much praise to the fictitious portion of the novel as is certainly due to the historical. The pictures of French society before the collapse of the Empire are true to the life: but the Americans who absorb the romantic interest of the novel, and are intended to excite the reader's personal sympathies or antipathies, as the case may be, are confused and confusing. They talk pertly and dully at enormous length, and are swayed by such fine-spun, intangible motives and emotions as to baffle anybody but a graduate in the study of Mr. Henry James. The chief, and in every way the best, is a sort of Becky Sharp in the person of Théodore Carnot, who only requires more firmness and distinctness of outline to be a very fairly successful imitation of her unapproachable original. An irritating blemish in the volume, at least for English readers, is its uncompromising acceptance of all the barbarisms of American spelling, in which ignorance of etymology tries to conceal itself under an affectation of avoiding seeming anomalies. Altogether, the book is well worth reading as a contribution to what is still recent history: and for the sake of what is treated brilliantly, and in a manner equal to the matter, the tediousness of the Ardens and their friends may be forgiven.

Over-complication is the only serious fault to be found with "A Good Hater," by Frederick Boyle (3 vols.: Bentley and Son). To follow the plot intelligently requires downright hard work in the way of unbroken attention. However, Mr. Boyle returns to his habitual lucidity as soon as he quits civilisation for the more congenial regions of West Africa. Here we are introduced at last to the missing man round whom all the complications centre. Supposed by one set of characters to be drowned in England, and by another set to have been killed in battle with the Afghans, he turns up as a white king of negroes, and as a practical and eloquent exponent of the advantages of so-called barbarism over so-called civilisation. There is much pathos in the entire picture. We make no scruple in revealing this portion of the general mystery, because, for our own part, we should have enjoyed the novel much more had we known this much of Mr. Boyle's drift from the beginning. Another admirable portion of the novel is the manner in which one of the strangest and most original characters in recent fiction, Mr. Beaver, quells his wife and well-nigh breaks her spirit by an extraordinary process of tyrannical admiration and demonstrative indulgence, in and out of season. The exact nature of Mr. Beaver's peculiar method must be left to Mr. Boyle to describe. The characters in general are excellently drawn and contrasted, full of strongly-marked individuality, and produce an interest of their own entirely apart from the scarcely comprehensible story wherein they are framed. Probably the best way of reading "A Good Hater" would be to pay the slightest possible attention to the plot, and to confine it altogether to the portraiture.

Mr. F. W. Robinson's "Lazarus in London" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) is another example of a novel based upon a complicated plot, and depending for its real interest on character. The plot, in this case, is best left unexplained, even though the solution of Mr. Robinson's murder-mystery must in any case disappoint the curiosity it cannot fail to excite during the process of entanglement. The triumph of the book is Sal Garboush, a degraded creature with strange womanly impulses, and pathetically savage capacities for gratitude and affection. This in every way admirable piece of portraiture supplies the most striking figure in a study of the endless life-and-death struggles of great cities, and of London above all. The various characters, whether attractive or repulsive, or, like most, mingled of good and evil, are invariably life-like, and none who know anything of their originals will call them over-coloured. In the main, "Lazarus in London" is not so much a story of the life as of the border-land above, where the battle of life is, in all ways, perhaps the hardest of all. The novel is certainly one to be read, though no doubt with more interest than pleasure.

"The Tenants of Beldornie," a romance of the south coast, by Rosa Mackenzie Kettle (1 vol.: James Weir and Co.), will not add to the reputation of its authoress as a writer of interesting fiction. The characters are puppet-like, and have the air of being constructed to convey certain moral lessons. Each seems carefully labelled, and bound to keep to the exact letter of his or her *rôle*. Of course the fault does not lie in their construction for a definite end, but in the neglect to throw the least disguise over their purpose and their method of construction. Moreover Miss Kettle carries to excess her tendency to make mountains out of mole-hills, and to maintain her characters at a monotonous level of high pressure. For this last reason alone, it is impossible to regard the tenants of Beldornie and their fellow *dramatis personæ* as living beings, who cannot be for ever posing as examples of their ruling passions. The frequent conversations, unrelied by the faintest ray of humour, are long and wearisome: nor indeed is it possible in this instance to give Miss Kettle the credit generally due to her for an acquaintance with the ordinary motives of human nature. Her male characters are sheer impossibilities, whatever her women may be.

"A Millionaire's Cousin," by the Hon. Emily Lawless (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), shows a familiar knowledge of Algeria, the British Museum Reading Room, and the Gower Street Station. Not that the knowledge of the first is in any respect due to familiarity with the second, for the authoress evidently knows Algeria well in its ordinary aspects, and, we should imagine, wrote her exceedingly slight story for the sole purpose of sketching the results of her travels. If she tells the reader little that is either new or worth telling, she is sufficiently lively and entertaining.

#### AT TEWKESBURY

THE high south-west wind drives the dust along in great powdery masses, and as we wait breathless for a moment on the bridge we seem to hear the tramp, tramp of the ghostly army that must haunt a spot fraught with so many memories as the classic one on which for the moment we are standing.

Just before us stretch the fair green fields of Tewkesbury, now ankle-deep in verdure, and beautiful with cowslips and cuckoo-blooms, and trimmed here and there with a golden band of king-cups, by which we can almost trace the course of the tiny stream that once ran red with blood for days after the desperate fight, while away, sweep hill, or field, until the view is hidden in a pale soft line of gloom that is a chain of hills, from among which Queen Margaret once marched along encouraging the weary soldiers, who were only coming to their death on the meadows that look so calm, so peaceful, so innocent on this as perfect a May day as the one was on which the hard-fought battle was lost and won. The sparsely-dotted about trees—which are all that are left of the woods and forests among which the soldiers lost themselves, and stumbled and fell, becoming an easy prey for the fierce Yorkists waiting for them in the wonderful old town behind us—are just now at their very best, the massively beautiful green chestnut leaves are hanging out the plumes that contrast so exquisitely with the black branches that appear formed to only throw up the emerald of the foliage, the golden-hued oak leaves, tender and delicate, are out, too; the slender beech is dotted here and there with its twin leaves, and the larch has put out its tassels, and is hanging down confidingly over each hedge, that is a solid mass of charming colour, accentuated here and there by an atom of white, that shows us where the acid wild plum will be found in the autumn, when doubtless blackberries will also abound about the low-growing bushes, that in their turn are also newly-dressed in emerald leaves.

The soft white flowers of the cherry and pear trees are just going over, and promise abundance of fruit this year; and the pink flush of the apple-blossom is at its very best, turning common-place-looking cottages into Japanese sketches replete with colour and beauty, while from every twig, as it seems to us, some bird or other is singing its loudest, and making the whole scene one of perfect loveliness and perfect peace.

Was it as peaceful, as lovely when the last stand was made? When, before the final blows were struck, Queen Margaret rode down the lines encouraging her tired, hungry men fainting at their posts; and who turned and fled almost before her back was turned towards them, unable to stand before the flight of arrows poured into their ranks by the Yorkists, who scarcely needed to use their clumsy cannon erected on the rising ground, so ready were their foes to fly, almost before they could strike a blow. As in a dream, we seem to see the desperate fight just in the clover meadow between us and the town, and we almost hear the horrible clang of weapon and the clash of the armour as the fugitives endeavoured to make for the Abbey, where the good monks would give them sanctuary and preserve their lives even if all else was lost.

What is that grey figure, led away there between two other taller ghosts, gliding along among the undergrowth, and hastening towards the sheltering woods? It is the Queen, beaten and heart-broken, wrapped in an old monkish habit, and guided by two of the holy brothers, who have been hovering about the fields, doing their best for the dying, and praying for an end to this dreadful day.

Did the cuckoo call as blithely then as he is doing now? Did the blackbird warble and chuckle brightly on that terrible day, when the sun shone warmly down and glittered on broken and dinted armour and shattered helm and bent and splintered sword? Or did they fly away affrighted, as, flinging away arms, ay, and even clothing, the beaten Lancastrians poured fast over this very place, panting, hurried, streaming with blood, hotly pursued, falling here and there to die under the feet of the pursuers and pursued, and making their way to the town, trusting that they might reach the Abbey—the beautiful Norman church—which is as beautiful now as it was then, and as full of interest.

But no quarter was given even there. Nature in her May time loveliness had no soothing influence on those excited men; how should they recollect that God's house should be more sacred than the woods and fields? And says the old verger, speaking as if he had been told of the day's work by an eye-witness, "I do hear as how the butchery was awful," and then shows us how these bodies lay heaped one over the other in the aisle until their corpses were knee-deep, and until the nightfall when the trembling monks crept out from the cloisters and glided about trying to save the souls, if not the bodies, of the poor wretches who lay groaning and dying there. Indeed, the whole of Tewkesbury must be the haunt of ghosts. There, in yonder grim old house, Prince Edward, defying his conquerors, was stabbed, for, despite Shakespeare, who makes him declare he was slain "in a field by Tewkesbury," tradition shows the murder took place there; and we see his tomb in the Abbey, and the tomb of Clarence drowned in the wine-butt, who lies by his wife, and by Anne, Edward's widow, the unhappy wife afterwards of Richard III., who is separated from her first husband by the altar and the chancel-screen, before we pass out once more into the wide streets, where the venerable houses—all black oak beams and gabled windows—are old enough to have seen the fight that ended in the market-place—if fight such a one-sided slaughter could possibly be called.

Standing where the Avon leaps gladly into the embrace of the broader, brighter stream that engulfs it, bearing it away in its bosom to the yet wider sea, we take our last view of the quaint old place. Life has ebbed away from it now, and the wide streets are very empty. An occasional tourist strolls along eyeing the beautiful old places that are lived in yet by descendants, maybe, of some of the

men who fought and died at Tewkesbury fight, but there is little sign of the hurry and rush that mark this present century of ours, and all that is the same as it was when the battle was fought is the marvellous May verdure and the beautiful calm sky, which bends over the silent place as protectingly as it did when it echoed with the tramp of men and the shriek of war's victims. Yet, as night creeps up, and the nightingale sings out from every tree, mists begin to rise in the Tewkesbury meadows, and as they glide gently over the level pastures we are more than ever certain that ghosts haunt each inch of ground where the ordinary seeing eye could perceive nothing save an old battle-ground hidden in the prosaic beauty inseparable from the idea of green pastures.

J. E. P.

#### THE BUMP-TIOUS SCIENCE

"THE world is still deceived with ornament," and a plaster head studiously stuck about with labels seems sufficient to deceive multitudes even of well-educated women and men. Women, of course, *par excellence*, for who so susceptible to all presented impressions as they? It looks so neat and nice and nutshell-like. It would be quite a pity if it wasn't true. And so it must be true. And men, also, though usually on different grounds, often arrive at the same conclusion. They have an eccentric but original doctor friend who is an implicit believer. Moreover—and this, of course, is an aside—are not courage and calculation their own especial characteristics; and are not these qualities well marked upon their own especial *crania*? So there must be something in it after all. But when one comes to make out, on more scientific and less subjective grounds, what that something is, it certainly appears monstrously small. True it is that besides Gall and Spurzheim—the serious and capable promoters of the study—phrenology has gained many intelligent and some illustrious supporters. Metternich guaranteed the expenses of publication of Gall and Spurzheim's great work. And it is one of the standing reproaches to the philosophic fair fame of Auguste Comte that he, too, was a phrenologist. Where, then, is phrenology found wanting? On both the sides from which it may be biologically attacked.

The initial assumption in this pseudo-science is that elevations without are accurate counterparts of depressions within the skull. Now it requires but elementary osteology in order to be aware that no such correspondence exists. The "tables" of the skull are two, separated by a spongy tissue, which contains cells of such varying size and shape that their front and back boundary walls are by no means parallel. Hence it is clear that external convexity and internal concavity are far from being convertible terms.

In Germany Gall and Spurzheim were among the best-abused of men. In England, Jeffrey—who would with equal light-heartedness have written a criticism upon an operation for cataract, or the manœuvres of the Channel Fleet—attacked them fiercely through the *Edinburgh Review*. And his popular and caustic pen largely, no doubt, contributed to the lowness of the place their labours held in public estimation. The scientific world seems to have been less exercised and antagonistic than might have been expected. And it was not till ten years after Jeffrey's article, and more than five-and-twenty years after the promulgation of the *Opus Magnum* of Phrenology, that any very serious assault upon it was made from the strictly scientific side. This, strangely enough, was organised not in the camp of the professed anatomists or physiologists, but in that of the metaphysicians. Well supplied with the results of physical investigation, Sir William Hamilton advanced to his opponents' position, and fairly carried it by storm. Starting with the philosophical assumption that the question at issue was an open one only to be decided by the logic of facts, he first discusses the theory of Gall and Spurzheim regarding the functions of the lower and back part of the brain, known as the cerebellum; and categorically refutes the several assumed reasons for this theory—one that here can only be alluded to in passing.

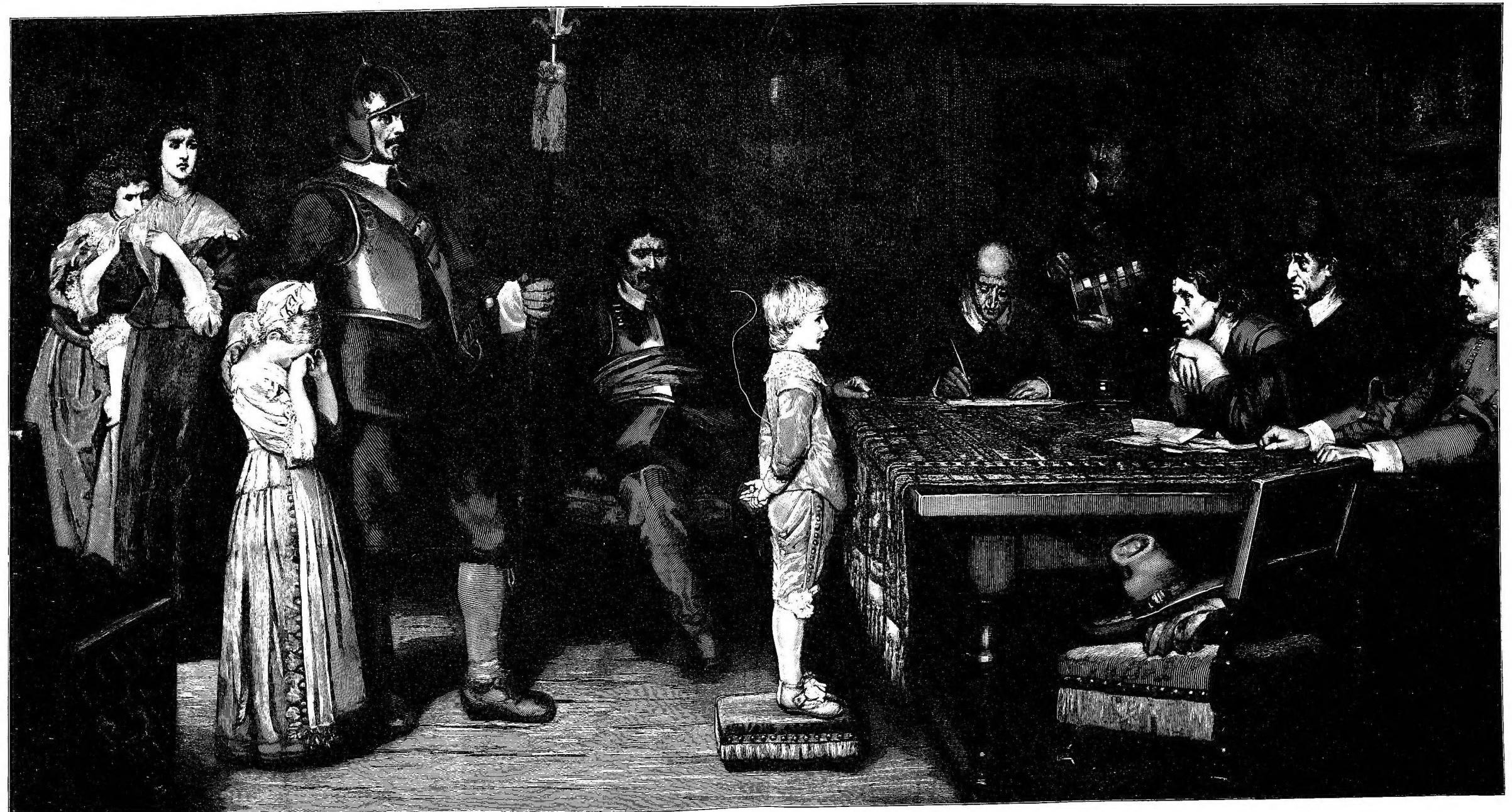
He then proceeds to consider the most obviously mistaken indications of faculty. Veneration, for instance, we are told, is far more strongly marked upon the skulls of women than of men—as, in accordance with the ordinary observation that religious feeling is more usual in the more emotional sex, we should be led to expect. But on examination of a large number of male and female *crania* it was found that the very reverse of the asserted fact was true; and that in women the skull-cap was flatter over the supposed organ of veneration than in men. Again, so far from the skulls of criminals exhibiting any peculiar development of destructiveness, or other evil propensities, phrenological reasoning, if consistently carried out, would credit them with virtues beyond the average of mankind. But the severest blow of all was delivered in the controversy on the famous frontal sinuses. These are cells in the forehead opening into and lined by the same tract of mucous membrane as the nose. And of their existence even an unappreciative phrenologist must have had evidence, unwellcome as unconscious, whenever afflicted with a bad cold in the head. Over these unknown or ignored sinuses the phrenologists had unluckily congregated a large number of their smallest organs. Now these cavities are of all sorts and sizes, and plainly make accurate deductions of internal development from external configuration impossible. This anatomical fact forced home swept away nearly half the phrenological localisations; and in so doing cast fresh doubt upon the reliability of the remainder. And from this blow may be dated the fall of English phrenology from whatever of scientific estate it may have hitherto enjoyed.

So much for the question from the side of skull structure. What of it from that of brain-function? In this connexion Dr. Ferrier's name comes at once to the front as that of the latest and most enlightened investigator in this special department. Yet even Dr. Ferrier's researches have not hitherto resulted in any such exhaustive and exact localisation of the functions of the brain as that in which the faithful phrenologist would have us believe. The probability may be in favour of some such attainment in the not very distant future. But it is overwhelmingly against the particular distribution of capacity made by Gall and Spurzheim, who denied any importance to that grey matter of the convolutions to which so much is now attributed; and either ignored the existence of all parts that could have no external manifestation, or else assigned to them a notorious false function. So that neither anatomically nor physiologically can phrenology be said to have any longer a leg to stand upon.

How then has such a charlatany as phrenology has, in the light of modern research, become—whatever the claims of the original founders to a serious hearing—any following in an age that is nothing if not scientific? The principles of quackery would probably repay more attention from people in general than they have received. And even to those who think them worth some study their influence would still seem often as inexplicable in action as it is obvious in effect. But it can scarcely be doubted that a true physiognomy is an ever efficient aid to a false phrenology; and that every successful "professor" of this pseudo-science is an acuté practical psychologist. And so it comes that the trembling maiden is told of her undoubted tokens of amativeness and ideality, and, liking the description, believes it; that the ringleted old lady is confidently assured of her possession of all the cardinal virtues; while the *jeune premier* is adroitly flattered by allusions to his well-marked combativeness and self-esteem; and the "heavy father" respectfully complimented upon his benevolence and caution. And thus the fraud

Being seasoned with a gracious voice  
Obscures the show of evil.

E. T.



"WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?"

ENGRAVED FROM THE PICTURE BY WILLIAM F. YEAMES, R.A., IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL, BY PERMISSION OF THE LIVERPOOL CORPORATION



THE English reader will be startled to find what a small place the Crimean War and its incidents occupy in the 207 very interesting "private and confidential" letters of Count Cavour to the Sardinian Ambassador in London, the Marquis Emmanuel d'Azeglio. While we were still sore from the hug of the Russian bear, Sardinia's main object was to forward the great work of unifying Italy by holding together two such incompatible allies as England and France. France, at least the Emperor and, above all, the Empress, would not hear of an inch of ground being taken from the Pope. In England there was Exeter Hall, on which the Marquis is told to keep a tight rein; and Lord Shaftesbury, of whose visit to Turin Cavour says: "What charms me most is that he went away *décidé à ne pas trop nous convertir.*" Then, again, finance is an all-important question. Italy wants a loan; Rothschild offers desperately hard terms. Baring holds with Rothschild; but Cavour hopes to avoid "passing under Rothschild's Caudine Forks," and "escapes from his claws," thanks to Messrs. Hambro and the English guarantee. He looks to the English press to help the Italian loan; is delighted at being backed by the *Morning Chronicle*, but regrets to find that the *Times* always *pue l'Autrichien*. He thinks our Post Office does not treat Italy well—"not so well as it does pro-Russian Belgium, nor so well as Spain and Portugal treat us." He has to smooth over the coarse bluntness of La Marmora about Lord Raglan and the management of the war. He grumbles at the insufficient transport provided by England for the Italian contingent, and lays the delay on the English merchant sailors, who won't get up early like the Italians! Only once, when writing about the Congress of Paris, does he show anything like enthusiasm, "Clarendon," he says, "*a été très beau sur l'article Kars*; he and England would rather fight for twenty years than give it up." Signor Bianchi's title is well chosen; it is "*La Politique du Comte Camille de Cavour de 1852 à 1861*" (Roux et Favale, Turin; Kolckmann, Langham Place, London), which comes out in these hitherto unpublished letters—his policy, and not the great events of every day. And we must remember that to his policy Italy as a nation owes her existence.

Common sense, *versus* Lessing in the "*Laocoon*," finds a brilliant exponent in Mr. H. Parker on "The Nature of the Fine Arts" (Macmillan). The first question is, What are the Fine Arts? Littré reckons seven, including Eloquence "with Dancing as a subsidiary!" Some add Landscape-gardening and Acting. The French "*Institut des Beaux Arts*" includes only Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Music, leaving out Poetry, because it is a branch of literature. Yet no doubt it was the similarity between poetry and painting which produced a feeling of respect for the latter, and led to the modern use of the word "artist." This feeling comes out strongly in Abbé Dubos' "*Essays*," published about 1715; but Johnson was so wholly unaffected by it that, without at all sharing George the Second's contempt for "poets and painters," he uses "artist" as the equivalent of "artisan." Mr. Parker reminds us that the Greeks did not speak of the Fine Arts as a class apart, the reason being that Music, against which Plato says as many hard things as the Churchmen in the fourteenth century did when counterpoint was making its way, was little developed; while their chief art, Statuary, was regarded as a part of religion, and is, therefore, not noticed by Aristotle. "Art for the sake of Art," Mr. Parker rules, "is a Roman, not a Greek sentiment; Lucian and Pausanias, otherwise so wholly opposed, agree in having no trace of modern art-sentiment. Longinus writes from a Roman, not a Greek point of view." Lessing therefore is as wrong about Greek Art as Alison (out of whom Mr. Parker gets much amusement, as he also does out of Sir George Beaumont's "brown tree") is about landscape. Now, we have not a word to say for Lessing; he is pompous, and, German-like, is given to hide the weakness of his thought under a cloud of abstract terms. Mr. Parker has him on the hip for declaring that "the poet wholly cuts himself off from the limning of bodily beauty as beauty." The book is just what one might expect from a Fellow of Oriel, scholarly, suggestive, crotchety, and full alike of clear independent thought and of the results of wide reading. We pick out two remarks—that we owe to the Puritans the fact that music came to us as an exotic; and that tight-lacing was (the evidence of the statues notwithstanding) the mode at Athens—to show how wide is Mr. Parker's range.

Oxford and the Fine Arts naturally lead to Professor Ruskin's preface, which is the best part of Mr. Sillar's "*Usury and the English Bishops*" (Southey, Fenchurch Street). The author of "*Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*" once said, "Everything evil in Europe is primarily the fault of her Bishops." True, says Mr. Sillar, because, instead of calling the usurer "that common cutpurse," and stigmatising usury as theft, as the Bishops of the sixteenth century did, they say with Archbishop Longley that "interest of money was not the thing condemned by the Church as usury." It is certainly inconsistent that marrying a deceased wife's sister should be stigmatised as incest, while not a word is said against a practice which is far more categorically forbidden by the Mosaic law. In six "*Emblems*," Mr. Sillar depicts the oak of English agriculture and commerce struggling more or less successfully—alas! nowadays very unsuccessfully—at first the ivy of usury. That a moneylending company should declare dividends of twelve per cent, and in seven years turn over 350 millions without a single bad debt, Mr. Sillar calls "the triumph of common sense over God's laws." No doubt such success contrasts awkwardly with the depression in every other branch of industry.

Mr. Stock and Mr. Unwin must look to their laurels. "*Holy Living, a Year-Book of Thoughts from Jeremy Taylor*" (Marcus Ward, London and Belfast), is as perfect in type, paper, rubrication, vellum-binding, as any of the dainty volumes which have made them famous. Archdeacon Farrar has selected his passages, not all taken from the Bishop's work of the same name, with great care, so that the daily portion on the right-hand page often contains the complementary thought to that on the left. His introduction ought to send many to the works of this "St. Chrysostom of Our Church," who stirred Wesley's heart to its inmost depths, and of whom Coleridge says: "He was the most eloquent of divines; had I said of men, Cicero would forgive me and Demosthenes nod assent."

We are rather frightened at the idea of using the Rev. R. Appleton's "*God in Nature*" (Church of England Sunday School Institute) in an ordinary Sunday School. And yet those who know anything of the dead weight of ignorant disbelief which must be dislodged off our working classes before we can appeal successfully to their religious instincts must feel how needful it is, in the author's words, "to set our scholars thinking upon correct lines." One who has been taught to trace God, logically and systematically, as working in Nature, will be better able to meet gainsayers than one who is only primed with texts. To us it seems that very useful (and certainly very interesting) afternoon sermons might be based on several of Mr. Appleton's *Lessons*.

In "*The Revelation of Jesus Christ, With Notes for the 144,000*" (Field and Tuer), the author, while not rejecting the parabolic interpretation, insists also on the "literal and final fulfilment" of every passage of the book. France, he says, is generally looked to as the seat of the Beast; "Ludovicus, Napoleon, making 666 in Latin

and Greek respectively, giving the typical fulfilment which confirms this anticipation." At the same time "there is evidence that London will be the future seat of the False Prophet."

What we said of Part I. of "*Popular Gardening*" (Cassell and Co.) is equally true of Part II. Edited by Mr. D. T. Fish, it is mainly the work of practical specialists such as Mr. W. Carmichael, late gardener to the Prince of Wales, Mr. Jas. Hudson, the gardener of Gunnersbury, &c. In this volume Mr. Hudson writes with authority on the decorative use of flowers; Mr. Badger has some useful papers on "Wild Gardening" and rockeries; there is a good deal about orchids; and Dr. Maxwell Masters continues his lucid chapters on the life-history of plants.

Mr. Lewis Castle, formerly of Kew Gardens, prefaces his account of "*Cactaceous Plants*" (Office of "Journal of Horticulture") with a short sketch of their history. The name Cactus is used by Theophrastus for what seems to have been the artichoke. It is doubtful if Pliny's *Opuntia* is the same as the prickly pear, now known by that name. Mr. Castle's engravings, though uncoloured, are very effective; he is full of teaching about culture, propagation, &c.; indeed his little book is a wonderful shilling's-worth.

Mr. J. W. Hyde's "*Royal Mail*" (Blackwood) contains a vast number of well-arranged facts, some valuable, some curious, about what is pre-eminently "the people's institution." There is not too much about old roads and old modes of conveyance, and about the past and present dangers befalling foot-posts; and there are amusing chapters on "Odd Complaints," "How Letters Are Lost," "Savings' Bank Curiosities," &c. Animals seem specially fond of depositors' books. Elephants, goats, and pigs are alike in this respect; and for verification the sufferers "enclose the fragments." Many of the "Strange Addresses" must tax to the uttermost the intuition of the "blind officers," though a man who can see that "Mr. Owl O'Neill" means "Mr. Rowland Hill" is equal to anything. The Danish Consul at Ipswich has noted fifty-seven wrong ways of spelling that town, Hvissys and Exwix among them. Some of the addresses are pictorial; that to "Upper Norwood or elsewhere," written by an American gentleman to his sister in England, and delivered to her on the top of a stage-coach in Wales, is, we fear, apocryphal. Telegraphic blunders such as "M—me,—, costemonger" (for "costumier") are not always caused by bad writing. "We arrived, all tight" (for "right") was due to the equivocal signs of the Morse code; and "Alfred dying; enjoyed G G to-day (for "doing well; enjoyed egg"), is charged on a grain of dust between the points of the instrument. More amusing than any strange addresses are the curious letters addressed to the Postmaster-General, to whom many people, especially Americans, attribute omniscience. One culler of simples offers him partridges in return for a parcel of mithridate mustard; another appeals to him as to the rights of the Province of York to appoint its own hangman; an anxious couple asks for a special licence by return; a precisionist protests, not without reason, that he never stitches, but always ties his newspaper; and stitching, he opines, involves the use of a needle. But strangest of all are the replies to the question in the Savings' Bank books: "Is this address permanent?" Piety replies, "No; Heaven is our home." Discontent says, "No, D. V.; for the place is beastly damp and unhealthy."

"The Prevention of Cruelty to Children" (Society's Office, 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury), has of late been brought so prominently forward that Mr. R. F. Colam's exhaustive little book (gratuitously compiled for the Society) on the law of the matter, especially on the rights of parents over children, meets a definite want. The law, here as elsewhere, is gloriously uncertain; and Mr. Colam, in his introduction, warns people to master the whole of his manual before taking action on the authority of any part of it.

The new issue of "*The Victorian Year-Book for 1883-4*" (John Ferres, Melbourne), has just reached us. Within its 700 pages there is an immense amount of information, statistical and otherwise. Our only complaint is that, as we have said before, the work is too exhaustively done. A smaller book would really be more useful. Fresh items will be found in this edition regarding the public parks of the colony, its system of defence, and various matters appertaining to population and finance.

Once more Mr. Henry Blackburn, the originator, we believe, so far as this country is concerned, of illustrated picture catalogues, presents us with his "*Academy Notes*" (Chatto and Windus). The engravings are excellent, both intrinsically and as memory-refreshers to those who have seen the originals. Next year the Academy promise an illustrated catalogue of their own: we hope they will at least not fall short of Mr. Blackburn's standard.

"The Pictures of 1885, and the Men Who Paint Them," is one of the "Extras" of that enterprising journal, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is really a wonderful sixpenny-worth, containing, as it does, brief notices and engravings of the principal pictures at the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery, and also portraits of the chief painters of the day, together with sketches of their respective studios.

"The Moon and the Weather," by Walter L. Browne (Baillière and Co.). This is a little book on a very fascinating subject, which has long been a subject of discussion among men of science, namely, whether the moon has any influence on the weather. As the moon is the principal cause of the tides, there is nothing primarily absurd in the idea that she also affects the air currents, and hence produces the barometrical and thermometrical oscillations which are otherwise so unaccountable. This is the view towards which Mr. Browne inclines, and, at all events, his book is worth reading.

Why Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. should publish "*The Gospels of St. Matthew, Mark, and Luke*" (John is omitted, we presume, as not belonging to the synoptical series) in their "Parchment Series," passes our comprehension. However, the volume may please some of those people who like the sham antiquarianism of unprinted book edges.

Lieutenant S. C. F. Peile's useful little "*Handbook to Lawn-Tennis*" (W. Blackwood and Sons) has reached a second edition. We have already commended it.

Foremost amongst republications of standard works is Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.'s admirable Parchment Edition of De Quincey's "*Confessions of an English Opium Eater*." The work is reprinted from the first edition, with notes of De Quincey's conversations by Richard Woodhouse, and other additions, and is edited by Mr. Richard Garnett, who has written an able introduction. Scarcely less interesting, though in more humble garb, is the new volume of "*Morley's Universal Library*"—"*The Life of Cardinal Wolsey*," by George Cavendish, his Gentleman Usher. Mr. Morley thinks that it is far from unlikely that the direct suggestion to Shakespeare for his play of *King Henry VIII.* may have been gathered from this book. Another reproduction of an old work is Messrs. Remington's republication of Pére's "*Did Napoleon Ever Exist?*" in which he covertly ridicules the views of Dupuis' *Origine de tous les Cultes*, just as Whately endeavoured to show the falseness of Hume's reasoning in his "*Essay on Miracles*." Mr. William Ludlow has issued another reprint of Shakespeare's Plays, 1621—

"Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedie of *As You Like It*." Published by Isaac Iaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.). This edition is uniform with the *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*, already published, is admirably printed on good paper, and will form a valuable help to the Shakespearian student, who can now see for himself how what is termed the "accepted text" differs from the original. The book is a marvel of cheapness at 1s. 6d.

Of new editions there lie on our table a cheap issue of Mr. Wil-

liam Archer's "*Henry Irving, Actor and Manager—a Critical Study*" (Field and Tuer); the second edition of Mr. Edward North Buxton's "*Epping Forest*," an illustrated guide to that district, with an admirable map, and a dictionary of the fauna and flora to be found there (Edward Stanford); the fourth edition of "*How to See Bristol*," by the late J. F. Nicholls, F.S.A. (J. W. Arrowsmith Bristol); and the second edition of "*The Student's Guide to the Medical Profession*," by C. B. Keetley, F.R.C.S. (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox). In this valuable addition have been made which more than double the size of the work, chapters being now included on drawing, on Student's Societies, on the Army and Indian Medical Services, on Lunacy Work, and other important subjects treated by writers with special knowledge of each topic.

Humourists will delight in "*The Mark Twain Birthday Book*," edited by E. C. S. (Remington), which contains excerpts from Mr. Clemens' writings. Each day is allotted several sentences, presumably summarising the character of the person who writes his name on the opposite page, such as "A Meddling Old Clam," & "She was attractively attired in her new and beautiful false teeth."

"The Plaintive Cry of Captive Britain" is a touching appeal for larger cages for pet birds—professedly from a piping bullfinch, a linnet, a tumbler pigeon, a barndoow sow, and a magpie (S. W. Partridge). Their petition well deserves the attention of philanthropists.—At this season many amateur florists will welcome "*Orchids: a Review of Their Structure and History*" (Journal of Horticulture Office). The little work has been compiled by Mr. Lewis Castle, and is well illustrated.



B. WILLIAMS.—There is a melancholy interest attached to the simple and charming ballads composed by Franz Abt now that his pen is laid aside for ever; three of his latest compositions, for which Edward Oxenford has supplied the pleasing poetry, are respectively: "Visions," a very pathetic poem set to appropriate music for a mezzo-soprano; "Days of Old," of the same type as the proceeding; and "Sweet Andalusia," which is the prettiest and most original of the group.—A brace of bright and tuneful songs composed by Michael Watson are "Heart and Hand" and "London Town;" both are published in three keys; the latter will serve as a response to an encore for the former.—Equally good are two songs from the prolific pen of Louis Diehl; for the one, "The Captain of the *Sea Gull*," Charles Rowe has written the nautical words, whilst the merry little poem "Leap Year" is by Felix Gerard; this song is well calculated for a village concert or musical reading.—A dainty little song for a picnic is "Down the River," the piquante words by Nellie Taylor, music by W. H. Harper.—Of the same light and cheerful character are the words and music of "Who Can Say?" written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Frederic Mullen.—A song of the breezy ocean is "Ship Ahoy!" the racy words by Edward Oxenford, music by Cécile Tovey; published in two keys.—The instrumental music from the above firm is of more than ordinary merit in its drawing-room school, which is not as a rule, strictly classical. From G. Hubi Newcombe come two pianoforte pieces decidedly out of the common groove, "Old Virginny" (Danse Nègre), and "Mira Gitana" (Gipsy Dance).—"Marjorie" is a showy polka mazurka for the pianoforte by Frederic Mullen.—"Der Styrien" is a new dance, with description of figures, by J. W. Youens.—Prettiest and most graceful of the budget is "Dance of the Shadows," by E. L. Newman.—"L'Equestrienne," a *galop de concert*, by E. Durand, is very showy and spirited.—"The New Time Polka" has a very realistic frontispiece of a twenty-four hours' watch; the music, by Laughton Field, is very tuneful.

MISCELLANEOUS.—We have received the copy of an anthem written to commemorate the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Belfast, words and music by Walter Burns. If the author intends to publish this anthem he should first revise the poetry, as what would pass muster as a *pièce de circonstance* will scarcely bear the scrutiny of the ordinary musical public. The music is superior to the words.—"The Valiant Knight" is a tale of ancient days, words by W. C. Newsam, music by Claud Melville; at this warlike period all heroic sentiments are well received (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.)—"*The Ellen Terry Waltz*," by A. C. Harmsworth, has a very good portrait of the popular actress after whom it is named; the music is lively and danceable (Henry Klein).

N.B. In our issue of the 9th inst. we said, "Very patriotic" are both words and music of "*The Two Angels*." "*Patriotic*" was a misprint for "pathetic."

CATTLE BREEDING, like other branches of agriculture, has its changes. The changes which are now being made are salutary and much called for. Farmers are getting to believe that it is better to have a good calf, to push him on from the first, to keep him growing "into meat" without losing a day or running a risk, than to try to "put meat" on the lank frame of a full-grown animal bought cheap. Bulls to get good calves are now very noticeably in request, and the new departure, which will make farmers far less dependent than of yore on the local markets for lean cattle, is one of high promise. The more self-dependent each farm is, the more vigorous its home life and the more complete, the better rooted, and established will be the agriculture of the whole land.

BIRD NAMES have recently been under discussion, and it is very curious to note how the characteristics of the bird, usually its characteristic note, are sought to be given in the popular name. Every one who has heard the peculiar long "burring" cry of the night-jar can feel the appropriateness of such local names as the churrow and the dorr-hawk. The plover in Kent is more commonly known as the "peewit" than by its proper name, while "pink," "chiff-chaff," and "mire-drum" are all what we believe the learned call onomatopœic. "Twit-click-clack" is not a bad imitation of the call note of the stonechat, or "yack-chuck" that of the fieldfare. Names like "yaffler" for the green woodpecker, or "squeaker" for the swift, are descriptive, not imitative, and the French names, such as *jaseur*, *babillard*, &c., largely appertain to the descriptive order. A study of the bird names in the "Birds" would probably reveal a similar use as far back as the times of Aristophanes.

PURE MILK is so great a blessing, and would by being made plentiful add so greatly to the health of the poor, that Lord Walsingham deserves public thanks for calling attention at an important meeting, at South Kensington, to the fact of something like scarcity of milk prevailing among the poor in the rural as well as in the urban districts. He thought that if landlords would generally take the trouble to establish small farms consisting of four or five acres each, and devote them solely to this object wherever the want was experienced, it would be possible to provide a remedy without difficulty. It would be easy enough to find candidates for occupying such farms, and taking on themselves the entire management. And by having them at a sufficiently low rent, such persons would be willing to be bound by the condition of devoting them entirely to milk production, and of making ready sale of the milk at a fixed price per quart. Mr. J. C. Laurence, M.P., warmly supported Lord Walsingham's ideas. Commons, said Mr. Laurence, were all very well, but cottagers were seldom able themselves to keep the cows to pasture upon them.

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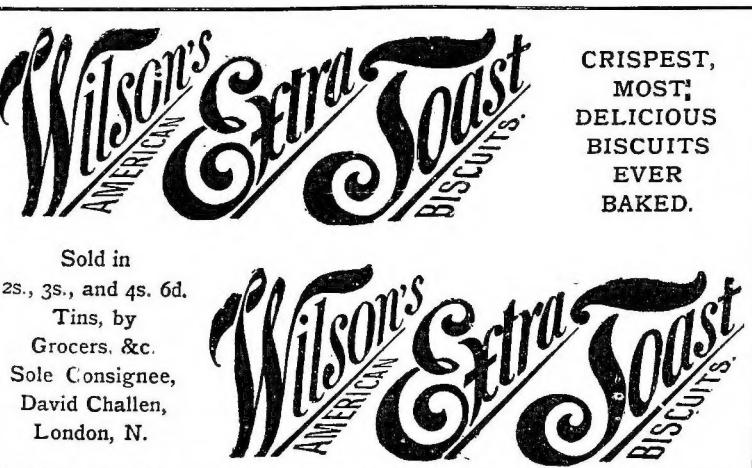
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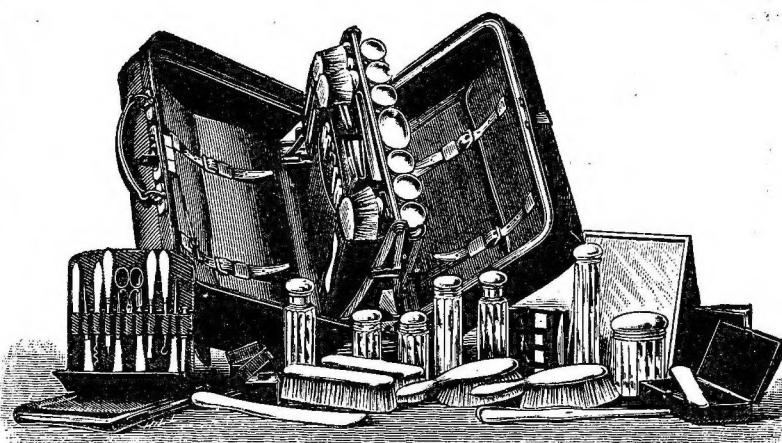
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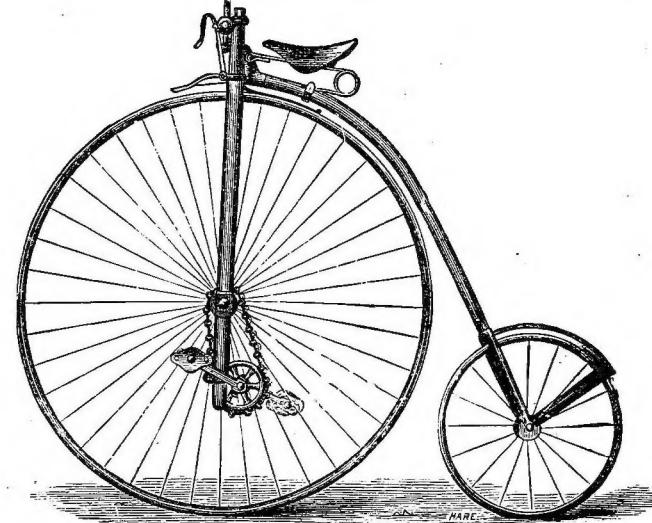


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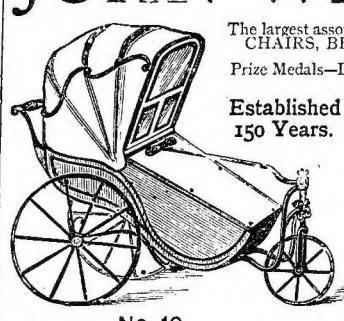
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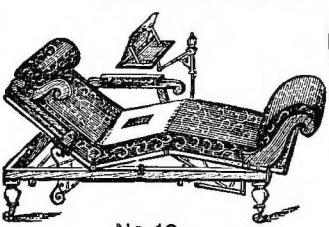
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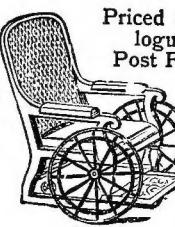
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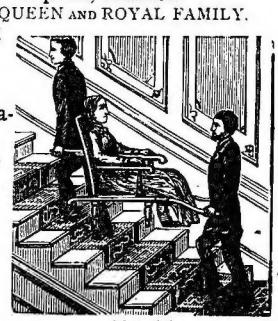
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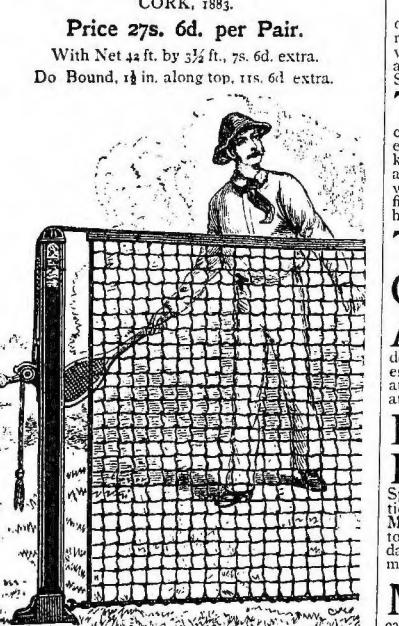
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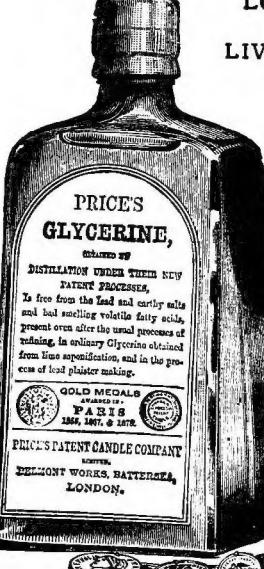
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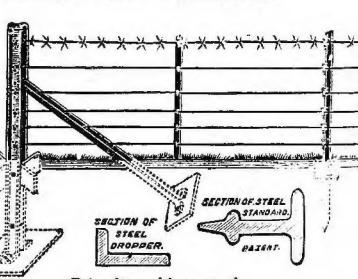
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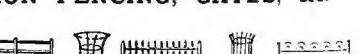
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